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THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AT THE ALDERSHOT REVIEW.

The Emperor William of Germany won golden opinions from all sorts and conditions of people during the too brief stay of his Imperial Majesty in England. His inspection of the British Fleet in the Solent, illustrated in our pages last week, was followed by a warm and hearty eulogy on his part of our Bluejackets and our ships; gallant Prince Henry adding a cordial word in praise of Jack in the foc'sle as well as the officers aft. Above our Artist furnishes a Drawing of the Emperor William at the Aldershot Sham Fight and Review, organised in his honour by General Sir Evelyn Wood, on Aug. 7. The unfortunate indisposition of the Prince of Wales kept him at Cowes; but the Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Victoria and Maud accompanied the Emperor and Prince Henry to Aldershot, where the splendid military spectacle provided for him won the admiration of his Imperial Majesty, to the gratification of the Commander-in-Chief. The Emperor William is depicted as he dashingly rode in company with Prince Albert Victor and Prince Henry, followed closely by Lord Wolseley, across the field of battle. The diverting incident of the German Admiral's somersault at the saluting-point is sketched at the head of our weekly article on the "People's Army," the smart representatives of which section of our "Reserved Forces," including the Honourable Artillery Company, who supplied the Guard of Honour, were especially lauded by the Emperor. We sincerely hope his Imperial Majesty will pay a longer visit to England on an early occasion.

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During the excessively hot weather numerous captures of stray dogs have been made in the streets of Birmingham. The animals have been cremated at one of the Corporation furnaces at the rate of fifty a day! The dogs are previously poisoned with prussic acid. Shame!

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Boulanger—Toujours Boulanger.

As I sit here, far away from the hum of Fleet-street, and with quite another sound in my ears—the roar of the Rhine as it tumbles down in huge snow-like foam-flecked masses over the falls of Neuhausen—innumerable echoes of another kind of tumult come to my ears. The talk is everywhere of Boulanger. What will happen to him? Is he going down or up? Will the decree of the Senate—bound to be hostile—crush him? Is the old Boulanger furore over? Generally I find that opinion is veering steadily in a hostile direction. It is not that M. de Beaurepaire's indictment, of which you in England know everything, has revealed any very startling novelty. One has heard all—or nearly all—these things before. Months ago a well-known French journalist told me the story of the coffee tablets in Tunis, and all the vulgar hideous details of petty intrigue which are now solemnly given to the world. The novelty—to the general public—of the Boulanger exposure is the insight it gives into the shameful surroundings in which the "brav' Général," like all pretenders, has lived, moved, and had his being. It is the Elysée story over again—the shady confidants, the low women, the hole-and-corner incidents which Victor Hugo and the other enemies of the Third Empire dragged into the light of day after the *coup d'état*. The woman Poudre has had a good many successors. There was the famous comic actress Mdlle. de ——. Boulanger was employed by the Duc d'Aumale to carry love-letters behind the scenes to this lady. The lady behaved much like the heroine in "Miles Standish." She preferred the agent to the principal. Boulanger was handsomer, more adroit, younger than the Duke. He supplanted his master in the actress's affections. For some time she kept a salon going—and "ran" the General. Then there was the lovely Madame de B——, who came over to England with him, and who left her husband, a nameless gambler, for the fine hotel in which Boulanger lodged her in Paris, where she used to appear on the balcony with the General, while the crowd below sang the Boulanger March! She was pretty, charming, and, like the last of Byron's attachments, the Countess Guiccioli, had a good influence on the man who allied himself to her. But who knows what may happen next? Boulanger's is a falling star: the satellites may desert it. The general opinion abroad is that it is all up with him. He is not so young as he was, and, like his prototype, Napoleon III., prematurely aged with a life of hard work and pleasure. It is quite true that the late elections are not an absolute guide to what may happen at the parliamentary contests. But the belief is that he has missed his chance, and that it is not likely to happen again.

Felix Pyat.

While I am on Continental politics I may as well say a word about the death of Félix Pyat, one of the most picturesque figures in modern French revolutionary politics. Pyat is one of the last surviving members of the old dandy school of Socialists and Extremists, of whom Eugène Sue was a typical representative. He was handsome to the last, though his great mass of coal-black hair had turned to snowy white, and his bushy eyebrows, once of jet, had lost their ancient lustre. Tall, with beautiful large liquid eyes, the most gallant manner, and the neatest dress in the world, Pyat was a favourite with the ladies as well as with the blue blouses. The latter, indeed, were always attached to him. When his enemies grumbled that he wore broadcloth and dined at Tortoni's—the famous "swell" restaurant in Paris—every day, the workmen would only laugh, and ask the objector whether he had spent as many days in prison as Pyat had years. Of late he faded much out of the short-lived memories of the Paris Radicals, but he retained to the last an attached and numerous personal following. He had charming manners; he was all for art and modest luxury; in a word, he was the romantic and sentimental revolutionary of the old school, as opposed to the scientific Socialist of the new. He was a splendid talker—emotional, full of action. He was thoroughly in earnest, and was in many ways a very lovable person. In his old days he retained the gallant manners of his time, and young ladies adored him.

Mrs. Maybrick's Accuser.

It seems a strange kind of fate which has assigned to Mr. Addison the duty of bringing Mrs. Maybrick within measurable distance of the scaffold. A milder, kinder, more genial soul than the Tory M.P. and Q.C. could not well be imagined. Mr. Addison is one of the best-known figures in the lobby, where his robust figure and merry face, lit up by a pair of very large soft eyes, is as familiar as that of Mr. Akers Douglas. Mr. Addison has a pleasant habit of bringing his handsome wife and pretty children with him, and a very nice picture they make together. For all his good-humour, however, he has well earned the reputation which his large practice has given him as an acute and unsparing cross-examiner and an able lawyer. He and Mr. Elton—another well-known Tory lawyer in the House—whom he resembles in figure if not in face, are two of the ablest members of their profession in Parliament, and both are popular men. Of Mr. Addison's conduct of the prosecution nothing but praise is heard, however much men may differ as to the truth of the case. A fairer-minded man does not breathe, nor a more hospitable, nor a kindlier. Neither he nor Mr. Elton can be described as strong partisans. They belong to the numerous class of members who are lawyers first and politicians afterwards.

Mr. Matthews.

Meanwhile, for the last few days Mrs. Maybrick's fate has been resting in hands in which a good many critical decisions of the kind have been left. I can't say that Mr. Matthews is quite the ideal kind of referee for such a case. He is clever enough—no one has ever doubted that. A more eloquent pleader, a smarter lawyer, a better after-dinner speaker never lived. Until Mr. Matthews became a Minister, everybody united in praise of him. He was popular at his circuit mess; the Judges thought highly of him; no career seemed too lofty for him. As Home Secretary he was tried in the critical place—and found wanting. In a word, he is an able man, but weak. He has heaps of talent, but he wants judgment. It must be the most difficult thing in the world for him to make up his mind on the Maybrick case, especially after such a very strong and competent Judge as Sir James Stephen has brought his powerful mind to bear on the question. However, there is one happy circumstance about Mr. Matthews's position—he is independent of popular frowns or smiles. He is a rich man, with a large private fortune, on which he can retire to-morrow if he pleases. Politics have never suited him, and I fancy he likes travelling, riding, and—shall I add?—flirting better than all the laurels he is likely to win on the green benches. If I were rich, good-looking, and a bachelor, as Mr. Matthews is, I don't think I should care much about politics.

Lord George.

Lord George Hamilton is one of the men to be congratulated on the success of the naval review. Not, of course, that that success is quite as unequivocal as the smoothest of the critics would have us believe. Nor is Lord George quite the man to take vigorously in hand some of the deficiencies in administration which the manœuvres have revealed. There was a time when Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Stanhope were spoken of as the "coming young men" on the Conservative side. Lord Beaconsfield had taken them both up—especially Lord George, who had attracted the Tory chief's attention by a series of rather smashing, dashing harangues against Mr.

PUSSY DREAMS THAT THE LONDON DOG-MUZZLING REGULATION IS APPLIED TO CATS.

Gladstone's Eastern policy. Then it was all Lord George; and Lord Claud—who, to my mind, was always the cleverest of the Hamilton family—was rather neglected. But the smart, fluent young man, with the aristocratic air and the good delivery, has never quite fulfilled his earlier promise. When he got into responsible positions he seemed to want grit, power, the kind of impulsive force which makes Lord Randolph Churchill such a strength in his way. The head of the Navy is, of course, a terribly trying position. But the Navy is certainly not satisfied with the present administration. You hear loud grumblings from young naval men, who talk of ships in which officers and men cannot live for the heat, of badly contrived guns, engines, and machinery, and of all sorts of partial or even total failures among ships which are supposed to have added enormously to the strength of the fleet. Journalists hear a good deal of this kind of thing. I wonder how much Lord George Hamilton hears.

W. R. S. Ralston.

So poor old Ralston is gone! He was a well-known figure in London society, and in theatrical and artistic circles. Tall, grey, gaunt, talkative, he was a first-rate after-dinner gossip, and was much sought after for his conversational gifts. He was a great linguist, his specialty being all things Russian. On them he doted. He was an admirable lecturer, and folklore and fables were the material from which he would spin many a charming web of scientific, or semi-scientific, lore. He was one of the school which naturalised everything, and found a meaning in every bit of nursery gabble. He was generous to a fault, hot-headed, prone to fits of passion, but the soul of kindness. He will be very much missed, and very keenly regretted.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

M. Sadi Carnot,

the able and single-minded President of the French Republic, has added to his renown by the undoubted purity of his reign, and by his magnificent hospitality in the present year of the Paris International Exhibition. In a period of gross charlatanism and shameless peculation, when public men hesitated not to use State money for self-aggrandisement, and the Republic bade fair to be demoralised and besmirched fully as much as the enervating Empire of Louis Napoleon was by the venal creatures of the late Emperor, the Corps Législatif, happily, found in the immaculate descendant of the great Carnot the best man to rescue France from the self-seekers, the bureaucratic leeches, who were sucking her life-blood. Nobly has M. Carnot, with the graceful aid of Madame Carnot, discharged the onerous duties of President. The Democracy of France should be especially grateful to him. The industrious workers have in him a true friend. What Monarchy ever conceived so splendid a People's Fête as the grand Republican Festival in the Palais de l'Industrie, where some thirty thousand workmen and their wives and families were entertained at a colossal Ball? The worthy head of the French Republic the Sunday before last followed the remains of his illustrious grandfather, Carnot, the "organiser of victory," and also the remains of the other patriotic Frenchmen that were reinterred in the Panthéon, the Westminster Abbey of Paris; and President Carnot has since then presided with Republican ease and simplicity at the inauguration of the superb new Sorbonne, where the representative students from all countries heartily joined in the cries of "*Vive Carnot! Vive la République!*" which we cordially re-echo.

The Paris Exhibition

being still the Mecca of the majority of British holiday-makers, a seasonable word may be said in commendation of "Paris and its Exhibition"—the popular sixpenny illustrated guide published by the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The "Wobbling" of the Press.

It is a popular superstition that the Press leads public opinion. During the last few days, in discussing the Maybrick case, it would almost seem that it has been led by it. Of the London morning papers, the *Times* was the only one which questioned the justice of the verdict, and here I am inclined to think that it successfully maintained its old traditions as the paper which "goes with the times." The actual words of the *Times* were:—"The large majority had believed that in the presence of so much contradictory evidence the jury would give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, and bring in a verdict as much like the Scotch 'Not proven' as is permitted by our English law." The *Standard*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and the rest took the opposite side. But public opinion being, to all appearances, against the verdict, the next day one or two journals began to "wobble," and show signs of relenting, and since then a gradual process of conversion has gone on. Of the London evening journals, all the penny papers (*Pall Mall*, *St. James's*, *Globe*) were for the verdict, and all the halfpenny ones (*Echo*, *Star*, *Evening News*) against. Albeit the date of the execution has been named, it is to be hoped the Home Secretary will lean to Mercy's side, and reprieve Mrs. Maybrick.

The Archbishop and the Actor.

I learn from a contemporary that Mr. Irving and the Archbishop of Canterbury have been meeting on Ramsgate Sands, and that the former tried to convert Dr. Benson to a belief in the employment of children in theatres, urging that it was on all-fours with the employment of choristers in cathedrals. "No," said the Archbishop, "the children are there under religious influences." Mr. Irving responded that he had often observed the boys, and did not think they were really very devout. He doubtless thought of Defoe's reference to the place "Where godless boys God's praises sing." However, actor and Archbishop parted with friendly feelings, each agreeing, at least, that the other was a jolly good fellow. Meantime, Lord Dunraven was championing the theatrical managers in the House of Lords, and he succeeded in so amending the Children's Bill as to allow little people to be employed in places of amusement when magisterial sanction is secured.

"Paul Jones."

What a charming young lady Miss Agnes Huntington is! I went once again to the deservedly successful "Paul Jones" the other evening, and Miss Huntington's bewitching vivacity, accompanied as it is with the utmost refinement, completely captivated me. This lady has hosts of friends in America, where her father is a Judge, and that is, perhaps, why our American visitors crowd to see her in such numbers. She and her lady-love, Yvonne—otherwise Miss Wadman—quite entranced the house by their spirited performance. Mr. Harry Monkhouse as the old smuggler, Bouillabaisse, was irresistibly comic, and so also was Mr. George Temple as Don Trocadéro. Altogether, I think "Paul Jones" is a play to see, if you want pleasant music and a hearty laugh.

The Queen of Burlesque.

Let me give a few facts about as pleasant a face as any on the modern stage—that of Miss E. Farren. She is a native of Lancashire, a daughter of Henry Farren, and granddaughter of William Farren the elder. So the argument that histrionic talent is hereditary holds good in her case. There is a mystery about her age, it being reported that "Nelly" herself sometimes merrily speaks of her years as "somewhere about twenty." Not to inquire too curiously into such matters, I will only just mention that on March 26, 1864, at the Victoria Theatre, then under the management of Mr. J. A. Cave, she appeared as Ninetta in "The Woman in Red," and soon after went to the Olympic under Mr. Horace Wigan. Her first practice in burlesque was at that theatre, in "Prince Camaralzaman" and "Faust and Marguerite"—in both of them her success being great. Miss Farren also played the Clown in "Twelfth Night." Her first appearance at the Gaiety was Dec. 21, 1868, in "On the Cards." But it is only latterly that her reputation as a burlesque actress has eclipsed all other performances. In her early Gaiety days, Miss Farren played all sorts of characters, and played them so as to make many regret that she performs them no longer. For example, what a delicious bit of fun and grotesque character she gave as Tilly Slowboy, in "The Cricket on the Hearth"! and her Miss Hoyden, in "The Man of Quality," was charming also. Her Mercury in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Thespis" was exquisite, quite classic in style, but brimming over with fun. Her Lydia Languish I always thought delightful; but as her popularity increased in burlesque her admirers cared to see her in nothing else, and her other gifts, which are unquestionably very great, have not been turned to account. The personal popularity of "Our Nelly" is wonderful, and she tells me in her own genial and unassuming manner that in the Colonies "it was worse than at the Gaiety—they perfectly spoiled me. I was so petted; sometimes they compelled me to make a speech, but I seldom got beyond 'Ladies and Gentlemen.' Then there was such cheering and uproar that I couldn't remember anything more to say." The pleasure I felt in welcoming her return was not unmingled with regret, for Miss Farren said the next tour will probably be a longer one still. Let us make the most we can of her in the new burlesque of "Ruy Blas," to which Herr Meyer Lütz is composing some delightful new music.

Lord Tennyson's Birthday.

The best tribute to Lord Tennyson was that written by Mr. Theodore Watts in the *Athenæum*:

Another birthday breaks: he is with us still.
Then thro' the branches of the glittering trees
The birthday-sun gilds grass and flower: the breeze
Sends forth methinks a thrill—a conscious thrill
That tells yon meadows by the steaming rill—
Where, o'er the clover waiting for the bees,
The mist shines round the cattle to their knees—
"Another birthday breaks: he is with us still!"

For Nature loves him—loves our Tennyson:
I think of heathery Aldworth rich and rife
With greetings of a world his song hath won:
I see him there with loving son and wife,
His fourscore years a golden orb of life:
My proud heart swells to think what he hath done.

Aug. 6, 1889: at sunrise.

Boulanger and the Duchess.

There is a joke current in Parisian society just now that "Champagne will overthrow the Ministry." This needs explanation. The fact is that the Duchesse D'Uzès, who inherited so large a portion of the Veuve Clicquot's fortune, has for a long time been a stanch supporter of the General. The Duchess had an idea—whether she has so still it is impossible to say—that with the aid of Boulanger, whose influence with the army she perhaps exaggerated, the present form of government might be abolished, and monarchy restored. Whatever the Duchess may have done recently, she has been certainly liberal in her support, pecuniary and otherwise, to Boulanger, and now that the General's lavish expenditure has attracted attention (it is set down by the French Ministry to tampering with the Government funds at his disposal) this new and probable explanation is offered. Hence the phrase "Champagne will overthrow the Ministry."

"Throw Physic to the Dogs."

This is what many of us will be inclined to do after reading the terrible list of medicines given in the *Chemist and Druggist* as taken by poor Mr. Maybrick. Out of something like thirty kinds of physic, a score of them violent enough to tax the digestion of an ostrich, not one of them seemed to afford him any relief, and it was no wonder the Judge spoke rather sarcastically on the subject.

THE PROMPTER.

MDLLE. NIKITA, THE CHARMING SONGSTRESS.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Signor Arditi

was greeted with a well-merited salvo of applause from a crowded house when he waved his bâton for the first time as *chef d'orchestre* at the excellent Promenade Concerts given by Mr. W. Freeman Thomas at Covent Garden Theatre. I had never before seen so large an audience within the walls of our leading Opera House. It must have gladdened the hearts of Mr. Freeman Thomas and Mr. Walter Gooch, who had supplied a renovated auditorium and a musical programme that fairly delighted all present. The Persian canopy above the orchestra, and the vivid panorama of the Paris Exhibition and the Seine painted behind the buffet, were in the best of good taste. It will be granted that Arditi the Melodious could not possibly have started his campaign of Harmony at a more opportune time than when excited members of the public were coming to fisticuffs over the Maybrick Problem. What a fine body of instrumentalists he had at command! John Radcliff as sweet flautist, Nettie Carpenter as Queen of the Violin, A. L. Smith as sympathetic cornet: who could excel them? In their respective solos, natty Nettie Carpenter and dulcet Radcliff were rapturously encored. Everyone fell in love directly with the fair, gentle, and sweet-voiced Nikita, who has ripened into a really charming songstress, and proved the most popular of all the artists on the opening night. Nikita has remarkable dramatic power as well as a honeyed voice of great range and flexibility and expression. This fascinating young American cantatrice (who is portrayed from the picturesque photograph taken by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street) may be said to have achieved success on her first appearances at a Washington concert and at the New York Academy of Music. She was but a girl in years when she made her triumphant début in London. She sings now better than ever, and with a dramatic effect that augurs well for her future in Opera. Her skilful rendering of the recitative and aria, "Ernani involami," "Come back to Erin," and M. Le Roy's sparkling and dansante new vocal waltz, "Love's Guiding Star," took the vast audience captive on Saturday night, and won for graceful and pretty Nikita an enviable position in the front rank of public favourites. With Signor Foli (why not Jack Foley, as of old?) to excite enthusiasm in "I Fear no Foe" and such-like robust songs; with Mr. Henry Piercy to charm the ear in "Tom Bowling"; with Mdlle. Tremelli to tinkle the tympanum with florid vocalisation; with excellent performances of the "Zampa" overture and Arditi's new "Gloire" waltz, an admirable selection from "Carmen" and an exquisite rendering of the waltz lento from "Die Meistersinger," the overture from "William Tell" and a selection from the "Ballo in Maschera"—the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts were opened with rare spirit. The public may depend upon getting a huge musical treat at Covent Garden.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's, to be commenced by Mr. H. J. Leslie to-night, will be set in a novel frame—viz., a theatre transformed into Old London. More anon!

I can warmly commend Miss Grace Hawthorne's revival of Mr. F. C. Burnand's signally effective drama of "Proof," and particularly that fair lady's clever impersonation of Valentin, at the Princess's. This ingenious play was powerfully cast generally. Miss Marie Illington made a most sympathetic Adrienne; and, with Mr. J. H. Barnes as the much-tried Pierre Lorance, Mr. Mark Kinghorne as a character-full Chamboreen, Mr. John Beauchamp a clear articulator of the Count D'Aubeterre's sentiments, Mr. W. H. Vernon as the villanous Lazare, Miss Bertie Willis as the tearful Madeleine, Miss Carlotta Leclercq as the Duchess, and Miss Dolores Drummond as Madame Deprets, "Proof" went as well at the Princess's as Mr. Burnand's excruciatingly funny "Betsy" goes at the Criterion.

Although, much to the surprise of the Brothers Gatti themselves, "The Shaughraun" has done wonderfully well at the Adelphi, the brand-new drama by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt will in a very few weeks see the footlights at this popular theatre. I can promise you "London Day by Day" has one of the most exciting plots known has been stirred with for some time. Miss Mary Rorke, the much-loved and much-persecuted heroine, has a powerful part, and Mr. Alexander, lent by Mr. Irving, has a strong one as the hero, *vice* Mr. Terriss.

Follow the example set last Monday by the Prince and Princess of Wales, their unmarried daughters, and the newly married couple, and see and hear "The Yeomen of the Guard" before Mr. George Grossmith quits the Savoy.

Of the Variety entertainments in vogue, the Aquarium and Oxford programmes deserve notice, as each is full of judiciously diversified amusement. I bade farewell to the Two Macs at the Aquarium, applauded little Ida Heath and a pair of droll acrobats, Turle and Volto, revisited Beckwith's accomplished Naiad troupe, and didn't think much of Samson. Mr. J. H. Jennings merits praise for the admirable way in which he conducts the Oxford Music Hall, and maintains its reputation as the rendezvous of the most talented members of not the least popular branch of "*the* profession." I cordially wish Mr. Jennings all success in his endeavours, as Chairman of the Music Hall Managers, to prevent the London County Council from doing an injustice to the places of amusement in London.

Mr. Maskelyne's new "Home of Mystery" programme at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly affords much amusement, from the start with Mr. Maskelyne's marvellous plate-spinning exploits to the remarkable thought-divining performances of Miss Lilian Morritt, assisted by her brother. Most diverting of all are the eccentricities of that admirable American humourist Mr. Robert Ganthony. Spiritualists should visit the Egyptian Hall to see with what ease Mr. Nevil Maskelyne eclipses the wonders of pretended "Spiritualism" by means of the mystic cabinet, the haunt of card-playing Cagliostro. A capital entertainment. Brayvo, Mr. Maskelyne!

THESPIS.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY.

Author of "Monkey-Mephisto," and Joint Author of "A Dangerous Catspaw."

CHAPTER XII.

There is a point at which the most elastic set of nerves in the world loses its responsiveness to any new shock. Ralph's had reached that point, and he was conscious of little else but a dim feeling of wonder that Michael's unexpected apparition should surprise him so little. It almost seemed natural that he should be there; a kind of fitness was perceptible in the dramatic suddenness of his discovery.

Michael, guarding his head with a jerking elbow, stood against the wall, and shook the leaves in immediate contact with his figure as if he had been Æolus imprisoned in a bower. Palsied with fright, he glared up at Ralph, and gurgled inarticulate appeal and explanation.

To Ralph the situation was clear. Michael had

He rolled half the room's length, and fell.

obviously overheard his talk with Atkinstall, and knew too much of the state of affairs to be summarily ejected. That desire to do him some severe personal injury which his presence never failed to inspire in Ralph's bosom was there now; but its indulgence would not be politic. It would have been easy to kick Michael off the premises, easy and richly enjoyable; but the social forces of which he had suddenly become the representative would certainly exact a disproportionate payment for that fleeting bliss. Knowledge is power in more senses than those intended by the sage to whom we owe the proverb. Michael knew too much in other words, he was too powerful to be dismissed with the kicking he deserved for the means by which he had become possessed of the power which protected him.

Ralph, after grimly watching his tremors for a minute or so, shot out a sudden hand and took him by the collar—an act which called forth a feeble squeak from Michael. But his captor did nothing worse for the moment than to march him into the room and deposit him with unnecessary force in a chair.

"What do you want here?" he asked again.

Michael choked and swallowed, with a dancing eye on the inquirer.

"Speak out, Michael!" said Ralph, smilingly. Emotion must find a vent somehow, and by a curious mental alchemy the young man's nameless mingling of many feelings turned to grim, unmirthful humour. "There 's no occasion for alarm. I am not going to kick you—yet."

"Thank you, Sir," said Michael, and swallowed again.

"How long have you been out there?"

The unhappy wretch fancied he saw in this query a chance of escape.

"On'y a minute, guv'nor. I was just a-comin' up the steps," he continued in a rapid, explanatory-sounding apologetic wheeze, "w'en you opened the door for to let the old gentleman out."

"Oh!" said Ralph, smiling still, "you were 'just comin' up the steps w'en I opened the door for to let the old gentleman out.' Then, in that case, you heard nothing of the conversation between the old gentleman and myself?"

"Not a word, send I may live!" The reply literally shot out of him in his exuberant hope that it would save him altogether from the deferred hiding he had anticipated.

"Then, Michael," said Ralph, "I am indeed sorry for you." His smile was so savage in its hidden meaning that Michael gurgled anew, and again interposed that feebly defensive elbow. "If you had overheard that conversation I should have been forced to respect the sacredness of your person. As you haven't"—his hand shot out to Michael's collar again, and his foot gave a rejoicing preliminary motion.

"I did hear it! I did! S' elp me, I did! Every blooming syllable!" wailed Michael, clinging to his brother-in-law with what might have passed, to a third person, for exuberant affection. "And I see you this afternoon with the young lady in the field."

At the first hint of this extorted confession Ralph's hold had relaxed, but as Michael panted out the rest it tightened again, and he swung his unresisting captive from him with such force that he reeled half the room's length, and fell, his head coming into sharp contact with a leg of the table.

"Get up," said Ralph, following and spurning him with his foot. "Get up!"

It was as well for Michael that he was literally incapable for the moment of obeying this order. He remained where he had fallen, until Ralph clutched him again by the collar and lifted him into a chair, where he sat with the dangling limbs and vacuous smile of a Guy Fawkes. A lantern and a box of matches would have completed his make-up for the part. Next to superior strength, complete helplessness is the best protector, and though Ralph was fairly bubbling and choking with rage he could not strike that ridiculously defenceless figure.

"You brute!" he ejaculated, standing over the wretched Michael while he slowly gurgled himself back to consciousness. Michael's first sensation was a keen feeling of Ralph's unreasonableness. He had threatened to kick him for knowing nothing, and had actually kicked him for knowing all. Later on, he came to recognise that it was a valuable, though painful, lesson in the art of giving evidence.

Maltreating Michael was all very well as a relief for overwrought feelings. It was a safe enough luxury, too, inasmuch as he was not likely to forego the solid profit Ralph knew he expected to make out of his knowledge simply for the sake of an odd kick or two. But it did not help negotiations. On the contrary, it retarded them. So when Michael gave evidence of his return to sentience by getting his elbow up again, Ralph retreated to a chair at a little distance, and held his desire to do him further damage in check—none too easily for the moment.

This forced calm was succeeded by a real one, and rage gave place to reason. That ridiculous and ugly figure which fronted him grimly typified the fate to which he had given himself over. He was helpless in the hands of this detestable little cad, whose mere presence gave his fastidious nerves the sensation of personal uncleanness. There was neither pleasure nor profit to be got from mauling him: anything less than his dirty life would have been futile and degrading. He was master of the situation, a power to be conciliated and treated with. Ralph had drunk deep of humiliation in these latter days, but at this last cupful presented to his lips his gorge rose with a passion of repulsion. It had to be swallowed. There was no way of escape.

"What did you come here for?" he asked at last, in a sick, cold desperation.

At the first sound of his voice Michael dodged behind his elbow, and cowered in his chair. Seeing that Ralph made no immediate move towards resuming active hostilities he got his arm down, inch by inch. Ralph repeated his question.

"Why," said Michael, wheezily, "I came on account of Stasie."

"Did she send you?"

"No; I come," said Michael, gathering a little courage, and mindful of the original plan of action he had formed, "on my own hook. Things is very bad, guv'nor; real bad, they are. I says to Stasie, the other day, I says, 'W'y don't you arsk your husband for a bit o' money?' I says. 'He 'd let you have it, fast enough,' I says. 'No, Michael,' she says, 'far be it from me to trouble him. If he had it,' says Stasie, 'he 'd give it me, free and willin'. That I know,' she says. 'Well,' I says, 'tell me where he lives, and I'll go and ask him for some.' But she wouldn't, and so I had to find out."

"Well?"

"Well, I comes down here, free and innercent, and I finds out where you live, an' comin' acrost the fields I ketches sight of you, aleanink against a tree. You looked so down in the mouth and so cut up as I hadn't the 'art to trouble you. I had *not* the 'art," repeated Michael, as if modestly deprecating blame. "I says to myself, I says, 'He 's out o' sorts, or somethink,' and I goes away, quiet, for a bit, just till you was better able to talk to me. And when I come back, why, there was the young lady, I see her fall down a-fainting, and I was that struck of a heap as I couldn't move 'and nor fut. 'And nor fut I could not move, guv'nor, that struck of a heap I was."

What mixture of truth and falsehood this narrative might contain mattered little enough to Ralph. The main fact that Michael knew, and that his knowledge gave him power and made his rigmarole worth listening to, remained.

"Well?" he said again, when Michael paused. The latter felt that he was getting along swimmingly, and doing himself credit in a difficult and painful situation.

"Well, guv'nor, I arsks you—I puts it to you, fair and open—could a cove collar another cove—I mean another gentleman—at such a moment, and bother him? O' course not, I couldn't do it, it wasn't in me to do it." He went on with his glib wheeze quickened, as if he would rather that this proof of his exceeding delicacy were passed over without any fulsomeness of compliment. "I goes away again, quiet, to give you a chaunce of rekivering yourself, and this time I gives you a longer spell, 'cause you 'd had a turn, as I could see. 'I 'll see him at the Mannerus,' I says to myself, and I goes and has a plate of beef at the pub. And I comes back, and there 's a light a-shining from the winder: a-shining"—repeated Michael, as though the circumstance were of the utmost value and by no means to be suppressed—"from that there winder as you 're a settin' by this very minute. And I sees you, all alone, and nat'rally I thinks to myself, 'Here 's my chaunce o' seeing him quiet, and doing my dooty by my sister, and nobody the wiser. For it is not likely,' I says to myself—'it is *not* likely, as a gentleman as is a swell, and lives in a 'ouse like this, wants his servants to know, if it can be in anyways helped, as he has business with the likes of me.'"

Was this the first hint of conscious power? Ralph asked himself. It might well be so, though Michael's face was a study of deprecating candour. He was leaning forward in his chair, and rounding his periods with an exceedingly dirty hand, rather as if he were spreading invisible mortar with an imperceptible trowel.

"So," he continued, "I nips up the steps, and was just a-going to give a bit of a cork so as you shouldn't be too much surprised at the sight of me, w'en I hears a futstep a-coming along, and I sees an old gentleman. Now," said Michael, "what was I to do? I puts it to you—what *was* I to do? 'If,' I says to myself, 'if—and well I knows as it is so—if Mr. Purden don't want even his servants to know as I 'm a friend of his, is it likely as he wants gentlemen as is his intimate pals to know it?' Why," he continued, as if in contemptuous argument with an adversary who obstinately clung to the opposite opinion, "it stands to reason as you didn't. Well, what was I to do? There I was on the steps, there was the old gentleman a-coming along, as 'd ha' seen me if I hadn't made my mind up precious sharp. I gets in among the hivy, and I folds on to it, and the old gentleman goes by and never sees me. And when I was out o' sight of the stables or clip of the servant, or the old gentleman, or somebody 'd ha' heard him, and he 'd ha' been caught, and had the ch'ice of being hauled up afore the beak for attempted robbery, or disgracing a gentleman as doesn't want to own, public, as he knows him. That 's what a fool would ha' done. Bein' there I my 'ed on my neck, and I didn't. No, I stops there, and there you finds me; and here I am, and nobody a hounce the wiser."

Rather breathed by his exceeding glibness, Michael paused. Ralph had heard little of this last speech: his attention had slipped from the verbose narrative, which could tell him nothing that he wished or needed to know, in the cessation of the wheezing voice recalled him from the vague and profitless speculations in which his mind had taken refuge while it continued.

"You want money, I suppose?" he said.

Michael smiled. He did his best to keep the smile in check, but it broadened in spite of him, till he leered like an ancient mask of comedy.

"There 's five pounds," said Ralph, producing the note from his pocket-book. "That is all I have at present."

He threw it on to the table within Michael's reach. The latter took it, his grin fading. He had obviously expected more.

"This won't go fur, guv'nor. There 's six weeks' rent doo, and Stasie and the kid to keep."

"It won't go far in that direction, I suspect," said Ralph, wearily ironical. "It is all I have for the moment. You must be patient, Michael. You must be content to take your pound of flesh in instalments."

Michael glanced round the room and then at the note, with a visage of sceptical disgust.

"I am sorry," said Ralph, with the same weary and bitter irony, "sorry for your sake, Michael, that your supposition—which I fancy to be natural in the circumstances—is incorrect. I am not the owner of this mansion. I am a salaried servant here. I would advise you not to be extravagant with that fiver. You 'll get no more for a week or two."

Michael jerked his head in dissatisfied resignation, and stowed the note in his waistcoat pocket.

"In future," continued Ralph, "we will arrange what business we have to do together by correspondence."

"Right you are, guv'nor. Six, White Cottages, mews, Cross-street, Burrer, will find me."

"Very good. And now, if we have settled everything"——

"Well, guv'nor; we haven't. Not quite everything," said Michael. "You say as 'It 'll be a week or two before"—— he tapped the pocket where the five-pound note reposed. "Couldn't you name a time? A week or two ain't very satisfactory."

"It 's as satisfactory as I can make it," answered Ralph. "Let us understand each other. You think you have me in your power. To a certain extent, I own you have. But if you suppose that I am going to be bled and bled by you at your own sweet will, you are very much mistaken. When my circumstances will allow it I shall make you a weekly allowance, which will be paid regularly"——

"As to the amount now?" interrupted Michael.

"I shall allow you," said Ralph, "five pounds a week, so long as you observe certain conditions."

"Certain conditions," repeated Michael.

"And what might those conditions be?"

"That you hold your tongue about my affairs, and that you never attempt to have any communication with me, except by letter, ... and observe those conditions at your peril."

"At my peril," again repeated Michael. "Ah, how, if I might ask?"

"That you may discover at any moment," said Ralph, "by breaking them."

There is a force in utter desperation which has quelled bolder men than Michael Margate, and there was something in the cold glitter of Ralph's eyes which sent that worthy's shifty orbs to the carpet at his feet.

"Do we understand each other, Michael?" asked Ralph. Michael shot another glance at him, and dropped his eyes again. "Let us be sure."

"Look here," said Michael, hoarsely. Disappointed cupidity gave him enough courage. "I look in the face of the man he addresses), and I ask you, guv'nor, ain't this a bit 'igh-handed? It ain't you as makes the terms here. It 's me."

"Do you think so?" asked Ralph, quietly.

"I do," said Michael, gathering a little more courage from the extreme quiet of the other's demeanour. "Why, what 's to prevent me from going home to-night and giving Stasie the tip? For the matter of that, what 's to prevent me from walking out of this house now and giving me that old gentleman—I know where he lives, for I followed the young lady, and see her go home with him. What 's to pervent me?"

"Nothing in the world, Michael," said Ralph. "Nothing in the world."

Had his desperation been one whit less real, even so poor an opponent as Michael might have won at this stupendous game of bluff. But as Ralph had one grain less loathing and contempt of his adversary, he would not have played it. It is not easily possible to imagine circumstances more disquieting than those which surrounded him, nor to picture a more hopeless ruin than a word of Michael's might work for him. Sickened the threat in all its terrors, and his soul, for the at the thought of its fulfilment; but, life, he could not cringe to this abject cad.

not take any tone with him but that of command and mastery. The human animal is a strange creature. Ralph had stooped to many actual meannesses in his time, and at no given moment had overmuch moral courage. There was very little of that quality in his defiance of Michael. If he had found a messenger who did not smell of stables or clip the Queen's English, Ralph would have taken his time from him and played second fiddle with the best grace he could find. But to truckle to Michael, to accept terms dictated in a voice like the fumes of a gin-shop uttered through a fog-bank, to be beaten by such an adversary, it was one of the few self-degradations that not even passion and fear combined could force him to.

With that glittering eye following his every movement and striking cold into the marrow of his spine, Michael silently retreated. He had descended the steps of the terrace and heard the window closed behind him before he found his tongue.

"Well, I'm d—d!" said Michael to himself, for the second time that day.

(To be continued.)

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

As another proof of what modern illustration can do for you, I give you, this week, even though the Academy is closed, a picture which hung there during the last three months, Mr. G. D. Leslie's pretty and very characteristic "Sun and Moon Flowers."

The Summer Art Exhibitions may close, but for the monthly exhibitions in the magazines there is no holiday. They always go on with unfailing regularity, and though there may be no admission to the Royal Academy, to the Grosvenor, or to the New Gallery, you may always have art with you, if you only remember where to find it.

It is curious that now-a-days, when so much is said about bringing art to the people—when

"SUN AND MOON FLOWERS." BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

From the Royal Academy Painting.

with the greatest pains art shows are organised in St. Jude's Schoolhouse and the People's Palace—no one stops to think of the art which is given to the people every month. We are so used to the magazines, we accept them as a part of daily life, without ever asking whence they come or how they are made. Art, for most of us, has come to mean only painting and sculpture. Who, in picking up the *English Illustrated* or the *Century*, realises that it represents the enormous modern development in three most important branches of art—the art of the draughtsman, of the engraver, of the printer?

Not only this. How often is lamentation made over the fact that the large majority here cannot get to the National Gallery at the hours when it is open, cannot get to the great galleries of the Continent at all? And what do the magazines but bring the most famous pictures from the galleries to this large majority? In copies, it is true, reduced and without the colour which is the chief charm, but yet reproduced by the wood-engraver, whose art, since the time of Albert Dürer, has not been counted one of the least.

Take up, for example, the *English Illustrated* for this month, and what do you find as frontispiece? An engraving by O. Lacour of the "Cardinal" ascribed to Nicholas Maas, now in the National Gallery; and in the reproduction, if you miss the colour, you still have all the richness of the original, as well as the intent expression on the faces of the two women, one of whom has stayed, and waits with suppressed eagerness, while the other fingers her cards still in indecision. This magazine has, in the not many years of its existence, published a number of engravings of pictures in the National Gallery. It is to be had in every library and reading-room: you can buy a copy for sixpence.

But far more wonderful is the series of reproductions of old work in the *Century*, and, now that there are no great exhibitions to monopolise all the time you can spare to art, I strongly advise you to look at the three given in this month's number. They are engraved by Timothy Cole, and are all from paintings and frescoes by Fra Angelico, the artist-monk of Florence. Look especially at the "Annunciation," which is still to be seen on the walls of San Marco, the Florentine monastery where Fra Angelico lived and prayed away his life, while with his brush he gave form to the heavenly visions which ever haunted him in his solitude. "The artist must employ the symbols in use in his day and nation, to convey his enlarged sense to his fellow-men," Emerson says, with an amount of truth not always to be found in his reflections on art. Fra Angelico placed his "Virgin and Heavenly Messenger" under just such an arcade as those which still exist in San Marco; while beyond you look into a little cell with one small window, an exact picture of that in which the holy artist himself passed so many of his hours.

Mr. Cole, who is reproducing these old pictures with a loving care and keen appreciation seldom before given them, is an American engraver, and he has already devoted to the series several years of hard uninterrupted work. It is now almost five years since I came upon him in the Uffizzi Gallery in Florence, perched upon his stool, faithfully copying the original Titian hanging on the wall before him. He is an unassuming little man, quiet and retiring, whom many pass by without a glance. But I often think that future generations who look at this series of his work will long as eagerly to know something of him personally and of his methods as we do to have some record of the old engravers of Albert Dürer's work.

If you have never taken any interest in wood-engraving, or if you believe there has been none worthy of the name since Bewick, read the four articles on the subject by four wood-engravers in the *Century*, and learn the value they attach to their art. I cannot help saying, however, that, despite their protestations, their engravings of their own drawings show that they are at their best when they work after other draughtsmen.

As for the other magazines for August, there are in *Harper's* more of the beautiful drawings by Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons, which make artists look for that magazine every month with all the pleasure the outside public reserves for the Academy. And an article which ought to interest many is the opening paper of the *Art Journal*, which gives a sketch of the newest Associate of the Academy, Mr. W. L. Wyllie. It will tell you something of his early years—of his love from the very first of water and of the moving life upon it, which it later became his special work to paint; of his successes, which finally led to his establishment in Hoo Lodge, on the high hill near Chatham; of the rejection of all his work by the Royal Academy one year; and of his election as Associate the next! The article is illustrated by sketches from his sketch-book. But the *Art Journal*, like *The Penny Illustrated*, uses photographs for some of its papers.

THE BOHEMIAN.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

The Late Father Damien.

I HAVE received from Messrs. Macmillan a "Life of Father Damien," by Edward Clifford. Mr. Clifford is an artist, whose portrait of Princess Christian was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery not long ago; but it is not his artistic so much as his devotional temperament which expresses itself in the book before me. He is a leader of the Church Army, and as such wished to disassociate himself from the religious views of the great and good man whom he visited in the leper colony. Hence some quite unnecessary introductory remarks on the relative merits of Catholicism and Protestantism. However, one must forgive Mr. Clifford his faults as a book-maker out of gratitude to him for these glimpses, all too brief, of Father Damien and the settlement at Molokai.

Waiting for the End.

It is not more than nine months ago since Father Damien and Mr. Clifford met. The father had lost some of his physical beauty, and yet his bright, sensible face was, we are told, a pleasure to look at. He talked about his life-work, and was cheerfully waiting for the inevitable end. Leprosy, alas! had long laid hold of him. How valuable that life-work was—how full of noble self-sacrifice—is already known to my readers; but some fresh aspects of its worth they will gather from Mr. Clifford's pages.

* * * * *

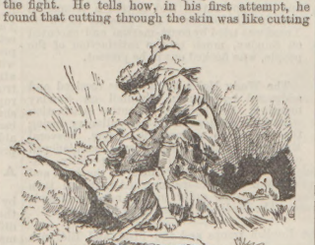
Among the Indians.

Mr. Harrington O'Reilly has taken down from the mouth of the famous scout and hunter, John Nelson, an account of his adventures through half a century of activity, and we have them presented to us under the title of "Fifty Years on the Trail" (Chatto and Windus). What a life it was! Young Nelson was born in Virginia in 1826. He early ran away from home, and made his way into the Indian encampments. His story of his life among the Sioux Indians is charming. They had their Grand Old Man in the chief "Spotted Tail," and Nelson soon became one of them, could hunt with the best, and married, in Indian fashion, one after another of the daughters of the tribe.

"SPOTTED TAIL."

How to Scalp your Enemy.

But Nelson had other experiences than hunting and marrying. He seems also to have thrown himself into the wild warlike life of the tribe, even to the extent of scalping his victims in the fight. He tells how, in his first attempt, he found that cutting through the skin was like cutting



through the toughest leather. However, there is an artistic way of scalping, by which the thing is done easily enough, and that our white Indian appears to have learnt very easily.

The Arch-Fiend Drink.

After a record of his scalping experiences it is strange to come upon the statement that Mr. Nelson found the Indians at the beginning of his career "a set of innocent, harmless children." He goes on to say that when he left them they were completely demoralised by the arch-fiend drink, which traders had learnt to provide in exchange for skins and other wares. But I have no space to deal further with this exciting narrative. It is profoundly interesting from beginning to end, and there are over a hundred capital illustrations by Paul Frénzeny.

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Mrs. Browning.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. will publish, in November, a new and cheaper edition of Mrs. Browning's poems, uniform with those of her husband, recently issued. Edward Fitzgerald, as we now know so well, thanked God, when the poetess died, that there would be no more "Aurora Leighs"! Well, I, for one, am not indisposed to agree with him. Artistically considered, the poem is not strong, and it is injured by the horrible foundation-stone of plot—one which no woman should have selected. And yet, its recognition of the immense importance of the social problem should make us condone its faults. "Aurora Leigh" is, after all, as its authoress calls it, "a novel in verse," and a very interesting novel too. But there are many really valuable poems in Mrs. Browning's "Works," and she is not likely soon to lose her high position as the first of woman singers.

TATLER.

THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS.

JUDGING by the present position of these gigantic financiers, it might be supposed that for centuries they have been the "Kings of Cash." But the great house of Rothschild, like most other sublunary matters, had a beginning, and a friend of mine at Frankfort tells me that in the Juden-Gasse there still stands a fearfully dirty old house where, more than a century ago, lived an old dame with her son, who was veritably the founder of the great firm. The house had a sign *Zum Rothen Schild*—in English, "The Red Shield." The Jew who resided there in 1743 was named Moses Amschel, but was known among the traders as "Moses Roth's Schild," or "Moses of the Shield," from the signboard of the house. He became so well known by that name as to adopt it, and that is really the origin of the title of the present firm. Moses had a son, Meyer, and thought of making him a Rabbi, but his talent for figures eventually led to his becoming a clerk in the bank of Openheim, of Hanover. In 1801 the Landgrave wished to appoint a Court banker, and Meyer Rothschild applied for the post. When he reached Hesse Cassel the Landgrave was engaged in a game of chess, but the future banker was told to come and see him, and wait until the game was ended. The patient Jew waited; but, suddenly looking round and seeing the youth, the Landgrave said carelessly, "You seem interested." "Yes, your Highness, and if I may suggest one or two moves you will win the game." The Landgrave laughed, and allowed the Jewish youth to give his ideas, which proved successful, and Meyer Rothschild got his post mainly through his knowledge of chess. The young Jew, when the French came, hid the Landgrave's money in wine-casks when Napoleon's soldiers appeared, and saved it all. Then came his first start as a financier. The money from the wine-casks was lent to England, and Rothschild, assisted by his patron, embarked in large enterprises, all successful. When he died in 1812 he left five sons to carry on the firm he had founded, and he behaved nobly to his poorer brethren, leaving £100,000 for the needy Jews of Frankfort. Of his five sons, Solomon took the Vienna branch, Amschel that of Frankfort, Charles went to Naples, James to Paris, and Nathan came to England and became the head of the London firm. I could give some very curious anecdotes of different members of the firm, but I only profess in this sketch to describe the "rise of the Rothschilds," who I understand are shortly about to undertake some gigantic financial operations.

"A MISSING LINK" AT THE ZOO.

I HAVE always laughed at the "Missing Link" theory, but I was shaken in my faith at the Zoo one day last week. I was introduced to a lady: her name was Sally. She did not live in an alley, but in a cage, and from that domicile as I passed a paw was suddenly thrust into my face with a wisp of straw clutched in its hairy grasp. A keeper called out, "For shame, Sally! that 's very bad behaviour." Whereupon, to my utter astonishment, Sally, who is no other than the chimpanzee, went into a corner and blubbered piteously. Her feminine pride had been wounded by the reproof, and she took it to heart sadly. The keeper then said, "Well, Sally, you shall give me a bouquet for my button-hole," and the chimpanzee gathered up some straws, broke them off neatly to equal lengths, and in the neatest manner drew them through two button-holes of the keeper's coat. Later on the man gave Sally some beefteа, and she handled the spoon with the grace of a Court lady. There was a look of keen intelligence in her face, which I remarked to the keeper, who said, "Yes, if some of these animals could talk, I expect they would be as sensible as most of us." Sally came to the gardens when only two years old. She has now reached the mature age of eight.—THE PROMPTER.

"A NEW POISON."—Sherbet coloured pink with red aniline dye is a new and dangerous poison. Caution.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT (a simple and natural saline) is always useful, and can never do any harm. The value of Eno's Fruit Salt cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it. Examine each bottle, and see the capsule is marked Eno's Fruit Salt: without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation. Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.—[ADVT.]

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE papers of the week have been full of the Maybrick case. Ever since the jury at Liverpool, on Aug. 7, gave a verdict of Guilty, and the prisoner was led in an agony from the dock amid the scarcely suppressed emotion of all in Court, a constant stream of correspondence has been crowding the columns of the papers. Some writers approve of the verdict, but apparently the majority of correspondents do not. Meanwhile the Home Secretary, in whose hands the decision rests, is consulting the Judge. Liverpool, in particular, has been deeply stirred, and hundreds of signatures have been obtained to petitions for a respite.

Owing to the discussion in the Maybrick case, notice has been given in the House of Commons to move for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal. In Committee on the Tithe Rent Charge Bill, on Monday, the Government majority in one instance was 18 only in a House of 258, and in the next division it fell to 4.

Paris has been busy with the trial of General Boulanger, the brave General being, of course, comfortably fixed in England meanwhile. Before the High Court of Justice it was urged that as early as 1882, when in Tunis, General Boulanger was planning how to become Dictator.

The Emperor of Germany has returned to Berlin, where he was visited on Monday by the Emperor of Austria.

On Aug. 8 his Imperial Majesty took leave of the Queen at Osborne. Her Majesty kissed the Emperor on both cheeks, and then his Majesty drove off, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Christian, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, and Prince Henry of Battenberg. At Trinity Pier there was a brilliant staff gathered to bid the Emperor farewell. The band played the National Anthem, the guard saluted, and the German Royal standard was hoisted to the masthead of the Royal yacht Alberta. The Emperor introduced himself to the English officers present, heartily shaking their hands and entering into a friendly tête-à-tête with them. Passing over the deck of the Alberta, the Emperor and Prince of Wales entered a 12-oared cutter flying the German standard at the fore and the English at the stern. His Imperial Majesty returned to his yacht, which was immediately under weigh, steaming up between the lines of the convoy of German war-ships which were awaiting his Majesty at the mouth of the roadstead.

The Press Association is authorised to state that previous to the Emperor of Germany's departure he expressed to the Queen his utmost pleasure at his reception in this country, and stated that his visit had given him the greatest satisfaction. He also expressed a strong desire that her Majesty would return the visit by coming to Berlin.

According to a Rhenish paper numerous telegrams passed during the Emperor's visit between Osborne and Homburg, where the Empress Frederick is staying. The Emperor, it is said, expressed to his illustrious mother the great pleasure his reception in England had given him. The Queen also is reported to have informed her daughter how happy she was at the Emperor's visit, while the Empress Frederick, on her part, thanked both her mother and her son for their messages, adding how deeply and joyfully their communications had affected her.

CASTLE BRIDGE AND ARSENAL AT BERLIN.

BERLIN DINING SALOON AND CAFÉ.

The Emperor Francis Joseph left Vienna by special train on Sunday night for Berlin, where he arrived on the afternoon of the 12th, and was received at the station by the Emperor William and all the Princes of the Royal House.

The Prince of Wales, after a stay at Homburg, will go to Scotland, where he will spend a fortnight, probably at Mar Lodge. He afterwards proceeds to Copenhagen.

The Prince of Wales, says the *World*, has been suffering very much from his leg since he went to Cowes. The vein, which has never resumed its normal size since he had typhoid fever, swells and causes great pain from time to time; and it has lately been very troublesome, making the leg an enormous size, and preventing the Prince from riding or walking much. Indeed, with a varicose vein of such long standing and size as the one from which the Prince is suffering, he ought to lie up for some weeks, and not use the leg at all. The doctors, of course, know such treatment is not possible, as the Prince, having a very good appetite, requires a certain amount of exercise.

Prince Albert Victor arrived at Aberdeen on Saturday morning, and proceeded up Deeside to Glenmuick, the residence of Mr. J. T. Mackenzie.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) and the Duke of Fife have left Sheen for Mar Lodge.

Princess Beatrice, accompanied by Prince Henry of Battenberg, visited Southampton last Saturday, and laid the foundation-stone of a new home for the Gordon Boys' Brigade. Miss Gordon, sister of the late General Gordon, was present.

Prince and Princess Bismarck arrived in Berlin on Saturday evening from Varzin.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh arrived in Berlin on Friday evening, travelling incognito, and, accompanied by Mr. Milbanke, the British Chargé d'Affaires at Coburg, continued their journey to the latter place, where their Royal Highnesses will, says a Reuter's despatch, make some stay.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress last Saturday left London for Scotland, where they will spend the summer vacation, and they will return to the Mansion House about the middle of September. During the Lord Mayor's absence the duties of the Mayoralty will be discharged by Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., and afterwards by Alderman Sir Andrew Lusk.

Sir F. Grenfell arrived at Wady Halfa last Saturday morning, and received the news that he was promoted to the rank of Major-General in the British Army. All the force is delighted to hear the news, and the congratulations he received were both numerous and sincere. Colonel Wodehouse and his force received him, and the population had erected a triumphal arch in his honour. The deserter Abou-el-Yezed was tried by court-martial and executed on Sunday, much to the satisfaction of the people, who flocked out to be present.

The Wady Halfa brigade was received and addressed by General Grenfell on Sunday morning. He expressed his entire satisfaction with their conduct and their gallantry during the operations against the enemy. Several Egyptian officers and non-commissioned officers and men, who had especially distinguished themselves, were called to the front and complimented. The troops marched past and then advanced in review order in the most creditable manner. The Sirdar left afterwards for Cairo.

The English troops and the First and Eleventh Soudanese Battalions have left Toski, which is now garrisoned by the Second Battalion, the First Battalion going to Assouan.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone gave an "at home" at Hawarden Castle on Saturday, Aug. 10, to about ninety of their friends and neighbours. The presents received on the occasion of the host's and hostess's golden wedding were on view, and were inspected with great interest. Mr. Gladstone read the lessons in Hawarden Church on Sunday. The right hon. gentleman and Mrs. Gladstone will shortly start on another cruise, this time to the Western Highlands, and in Lord Brassey's yacht the Sunbeam.

The Shah, it is said, left England in high dudgeon. The anger of his puisne Majesty seems to have been due to the omission to invite him to the Royal wedding.

Lord Tennyson writes to the *Times*: "I find it quite out of my power to answer the many telegrams, letters, and poems from known and unknown friends who have congratulated me on attaining my eightieth birthday; and therefore, if you will allow me, I must beg each and all of them to accept through the columns of your newspaper my most cordial thanks."

The remains of the old French Revolutionist Félix Pyat were buried in Paris, at Père la Chaise Cemetery. The vast majority of the 1500 people who followed the coffin refrained from demonstrating. When the procession entered the cemetery gates five red flags were unfurled. They were greeted by vociferous shouts of "Vive la Commune!" "Vive la Sociale!" At the grave speeches were made by M. Planteau, a deputy, Louise Michel, and several other Revolutionists.

Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was fifty-eight years old last Saturday. Many Happy Returns of the Day!

Mr. Edison, having many times sent his voice well bottled to the old country, has at last to put in an appearance in Europe. He arrived in Paris on the 12th inst. The Edison section is, as our readers know, one of the successes of the Paris Exhibition.

A terrible tragedy is reported from Buffalo. The other evening Mr. L. L. Crocker, a well-known citizen, prepared to take some of his children and a lady friend for a trip in his naphtha launch. While getting the machinery in order the naphtha exploded and caught fire, and the little vessel immediately became a mass of fierce flames. Mr. Crocker made frantic but unavailing efforts to save his children, and barely escaped with his life. Three of his little ones and an engineer were burnt to death, their bodies being charred almost out of recognition. The lady was dreadfully burned about the face and body, and will be crippled and disfigured for life.

On the 8th inst. the Mayor of Cardiff was called upon for a second time to make a presentation to Captain Murrell, master of the steam-ship Missouri. The recipient wore his naval uniform, decorated with five brilliant gold medals. The presentation consisted of another gold medal from the Norwegian Government.

The Rev. F. H. Stokes, of St. Andrew's Vicarage, Bethnal-green, fell off his bicycle while riding along Whitechapel-road on the 9th, and broke his leg. He was going into the country to meet a party of his parishioners.

An inquest was held on the 10th at Ashton-under-Lyme on the body of a young man named William Connolly, who was employed as a grinder in a cotton mill, but who was apparently in the habit of visiting public-houses and of performing various tricks. On the night of the 8th inst. he was in a beerhouse in the town, and attempted to perform what a witness called the "poker trick." This consisted in ramming a common poker of somewhat large size down his throat. He succeeded in putting down the greater portion of the poker, but on withdrawing it complained of feeling sick. A doctor was called in next day, but death occurred during the Friday night from internal injuries, the result, it was believed, of the insertion of the poker into the gullet. The jury returned a verdict of "accidental death."

Blondin has been offered, and has accepted, a wager of £4,000 to walk on a cable from Eiffel's Tower to the Central Dome of the Paris Exhibition in less than five minutes. Blondin is only awaiting the permission of the Exhibition authorities to begin operations—and this permission we hope that he will not get.

LEGAL COLUMN

XI.—HUSBAND AND WIFE (Continued).

MARRIAGE settlements are the luxuries of the rich, who can consult a solicitor; but a question of making provision for a wife often arises. This specially demands attention when a man, perhaps through no fault of his own, is

Confronted with Pecuniary Demands

upon him which he cannot meet. In such cases, is it possible to do anything to protect his wife? The failure of the Glasgow Bank, or other cases—where, through a dishonest partner perhaps, there is a great or even unlimited legal liability—compel many men to ask themselves this question.

A Post-Nuptial Settlement

(a settlement made by the husband on his wife *after* marriage) is called in law "voluntary." If it relates to land or houses, it is void against subsequent purchasers from the husband; and, in any case, it is void against creditors. In cases of this kind, the important and ultimate question is, whether a settlement by a husband can be upheld in the case of his bankruptcy. The present Bankruptcy Act (1883) provides that a settlement made by a man after marriage, except of property which has accrued to him in right of his wife, shall, if he becomes bankrupt within two years after the date of the settlement, be void against the trustee of the bankruptcy, and, if he becomes bankrupt within ten years of the date of the settlement, it shall also be void, unless it can be shown that the bankrupt was at the time of making the settlement able to pay all his debts, without the aid of the property comprised in the settlement.

A Settlement made in Contemplation of Marriage

by a husband or wife of property which he or she then possesses is in the eye of the law a very different matter, and is deemed in law a settlement made for valuable consideration. It cannot, except for fraud, be impeached, even by the creditors of the husband at the time the settlement was made, but is binding against all the world. Hence the importance, where there is property, of making a settlement *before* marriage. No one but a trained lawyer can prepare such a document; but letters may sometimes constitute a contract to make an ante-nuptial settlement, and the Court of Chancery will enforce such a contract in many cases. It is, however, very unsafe to rely on anything short of a proper settlement by deed *before* marriage, if the intended husband wishes to protect his intended wife against all risks. We turn now to a very different aspect of the marriage law.

Divorce

is a costly privilege; but poor women who are ill-treated and compelled to live apart from their husbands have, under two modern Statutes, some cheap remedies. First of all, by an Act passed in 1878, if a husband is convicted of an aggravated assault upon his wife, the Justices or Stipendiary Magistrates before whom the husband shall be so convicted, may, if satisfied that the future safety of the wife is in peril, order that the wife shall not be legally bound to cohabit with her husband, and that

The Husband shall Pay a Weekly Sum

to the wife for her support, and in such a case the legal custody of any children of the marriage may also be given to the wife. These orders may be enforced by the committal to prison of the defendant who could, but does not, pay the amounts. A wife who has committed adultery cannot have the benefit of this Act, and the amount of money may be varied from time to time, varied according to the means of the husband or wife, if such means alter after the date of the order. This law has removed some hardship, but in cruel irony it compels some poor women to pray that their husbands may commit aggravated assaults on them. There are many husbands whose cruelty does not take that form, and so their poor wives have no remedy. By the Married Woman's (Maintenance in Case of Desertion) Act, 1886, it is, however, provided that

Any Married Woman Deserted

by her husband may summons him before two Justices or a Stipendiary Magistrate, who, if satisfied that the husband is able to maintain his wife and family, may order the husband to pay to the wife such weekly sum, not exceeding two pounds, as the Justices or Magistrate may consider to be in accordance with his means. This order also may be varied, or it may be enforced by the committal of the husband to prison, but the wife who has committed adultery cannot obtain the benefit of this Act. It must be remembered that

Separation by Arrangement,

or when a man leaves his wife to seek for work, with her knowledge and consent, is not desertion. Where the parties have separated by consent the refusal of either to resume cohabitation does not constitute "desertion" in the eye of the law.

Separation Deeds

are not registered as public documents, but they are very often executed, when the husband and wife cannot agree; and, in fact, when cases come into the Divorce Courts they are sometimes compromised by an arrangement for a deed of separation. The law does not much favour such deeds, and it will not sanction an agreement to provide for a *future* separation at the pleasure of the parties. Of course a mere deed, or agreement for separation, cannot operate as a divorce, and give either party the right to marry again. Where a separation deed is entered into, it should provide, unless the wife has settled separate property, that the husband will pay to a trustee, on behalf of the wife,

A Regular Allowance

for her separate maintenance. The trustee, on the other hand, undertakes to indemnify the husband against the debts of the wife, and it is agreed that neither party shall interfere with the other while the allowance is paid. Provision should be made as to the wife's subsequent misconduct. If a husband makes and pays a sufficient allowance under a separation deed to provide his wife with necessaries, as already stated, escapes liability for her debts while living apart. Of course, a separation deed may be cancelled by agreement of the husband and wife. Where a separation deed is impossible,

The Remedy for Breach of the Marriage Contract

is a petition in the "Divorce Court" for a judicial separation or a divorce. The law is a rough tool for the delicate work of adjusting the differences of husband and wife, yet sometimes its aid must be invoked. In the next chapter, therefore, we shall enter the Divorce Courts.

ANSWERS.

64.—Give a month's written notice to tenant to quit.

JAMES TAYLOR.—Every such society should be registered. Otherwise it has no proper legal existence, and contracts cannot be made and enforced by or against it, while its committee may find themselves personally liable.

T. H.—Make a will and have a partnership deed. Consult a solicitor.

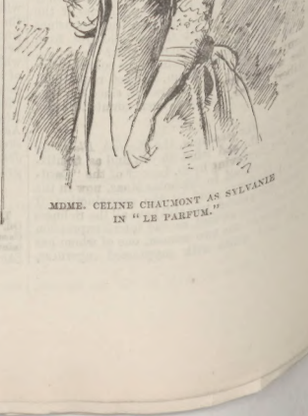
H. H. WALTON.—Exemption probably covers this payment; but it is a nice point. Send copy rules to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, Somerset House, London, and ask if the section quoted exempts this receipt.

ELLA.—Appear personally on the judgment summons and swear to your inability to pay, and ask for time.

DRUID.—You say you have been "advised to put the case in a solicitor's hands." This is certainly the only safe course for the society to take.

LEX.

A PARIS STAGE FAVOURITE.



MDME. CELINE CHAUMONT AS SYLVANIE IN "LE PARFUM."

THE RACING WORLD

A Change of Life

is supposed to assert itself in the racing season with the close of the Sussex fortnight. Most members of the vast army of regular racing men form themselves on "Brook"-Tennyson model of perpetual motion. Racing is their trade, game, occupation, amusement, livelihood, or profession—and where racing is there they will be, by hook or by crook. A Sussex fortnight may end, and half society—which, as a matter of fashion, has been racing—cut the sport for yachting, the Continent, the country, or the grouse-moors. That does not make any difference to your regular Turf-man, who follows sport as a matter of business. Practically, he does not yearn for sport; but

Incessant Speculation

is a necessary of life to him. He can very likely appreciate the points of a horse and the merits of a jockey, the beauty of a racecourse's surroundings, and follow a contest on which he has not bet with keen interest; but bet he must. Fashion does not affect him. Racing does not drop out of the calendar because so many swells, and the minor creatures who ape swellishness, forsake the courses for a while.

I often wonder what managers of racecourses who handle the gate money think when they read that owing to this or that fashionable function clashing with their meetings a marked falling-off in receipts would be found. Nearly all the funds for ring fees come out of the pockets of professional layers, commissioners, and backers, and it is marvellous what a little margin there is between the receipts on what will be termed good or bad days by reporters, who must often take trouble to find out all they can before giving opinions. "Look what a lot of swells there are," say the uninitiated, who perhaps assume that a shilling scale of charges is enforced so that a Duke would pay many times more than humble Bill Smith, who hands over his sovereign for a day's ticket at quite second-class meetings. There is something like reason in an outsider's fancy that the noble Lord who gets such rare accommodation and attendance is a bigger contributory than the ordinary individual to whom the proprietors acknowledge only one duty—that of keeping him out unless he pays up. Yet all the while

Swells Don't Pay

at all, except when enrolled as members of the newly established clubs, and then very often they are too big swells to pay their subscriptions, and clerks of courses or secretaries too much afraid of them to ask for the money. Practically, all the upper crustaceans might go grouse-shooting, or yachting, or Eiffel-towering, for the next fortnight, and not make any appreciable falling off in the receipts at Kempton, Windsor, Wolverhampton, Four Oaks, and Alexandra Park.

Writing of the New Club System,

I do not refer to such clubs at Kempton and Sandown, in which clubs are proprietary associations carrying on management of race-meetings, but to imitators of the old Bibury club, like the Southdown at Lewes, which promotes sport liberally. These are riding clubs, whose leading members like to race among themselves. At the present day we are more liberally provided with amateur jockeys than ever, and amateurs, too, of a superior social class, whatever may be their ideas of racing morality.

Perhaps the standard is not quite so high as it might be, but we are certainly better off than we were twenty years ago, when

Blackleg and Gentleman Rider

were exchangeable terms. In a way the military meetings furnished the most glaring examples of dishonesty among men who ought to rank as honourable gentlemen, if any class should. The very amusing part of the business was that the chief performers in what were practically neither more nor less than regularly organised conspiracies to defraud could never be made to see that they were not fully justified in acting as they did, and yet would not do what they considered a shabby thing on any account. Frequently before a military race all the owners would try their horses together perhaps two or three times, and on the day all go for the one known to be the best. By going for it I mean back it, and not try to beat it. "What would the regiment have said to me if I upset the favourite?" said an indignant soldier owner and jockey who deliberately threw himself off at a fence when leading the mess's selected by a quarter of a mile. I could give dozens of funny stories bearing on the point. For instance, only two years ago at Kempton Park, in a military meeting, a winner carried 21 lb. too much weight, and the circumstance was known to all the riders of beaten horses. "You must object for carrying wrong weight," a cute practitioner who had backed the second told the second's owner. "Object!" said the warrior:

"The Triple Extieth Don't Object,"

was the reply, and it was not likely they would, as all the lot had backed the one that came in first. After the beautiful weather in Sussex for nearly all the fortnight, Lewes's rain-storms were very trying, and we quite cowered under the cold that followed at Kempton and Windsor. Mr. Hyde, who so ably superintends at the former establishment, always declares that Sunbury's godfathers and godmothers gave it that name in regard to the freedom with which *the sun* shows himself in this quarter. As for Windsor, that is in summer weather the very hottest racecourse in England. Another of its trying peculiarities is that almost always on one or other of its two-day meetings, heat culminates, as I may put it, in alarming thunderstorms, with lightning of very superior character. Two or three years ago, while we were racing on the Ray's (here again the etymologist may extort significance from local nomenclature), a fine cedar-tree a quarter of a mile off in the Eton College Hospital at Eton Wick was riven from crown to stool by the lightning with a crash which was heard all over the course.

The entries for the Autumn Handicaps again show falling off. In a way this is unpleasant, but is not of the consequence one might at first sight fancy, because now-a-days owners are much more careful in incurring forfeits and stakes than formerly. Each year the proportion of runners to entrants, or, at any rate, to acceptors, is more and more satisfactory. This shows that a greater majority of horses are entered in genuine desire to run them, and not for market purposes, with corresponding reduction in dummy favourites, roping, milking, and all that. After the weights come out I shall endeavour to sift out some likely goods from the long strings in the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. At present it is not fair to talk about the horses already backed on the quiet, though I do not believe, as some do, that mentioning what goes on thus early is likely to influence handicappers at all.

According to Yorkshiremen, there is great probability of patching up

Chitabob,

so that he will be dangerous for Doncaster St. Leger. If only he keeps right, his meeting with Donovan will make one of the biggest sensations of the year.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

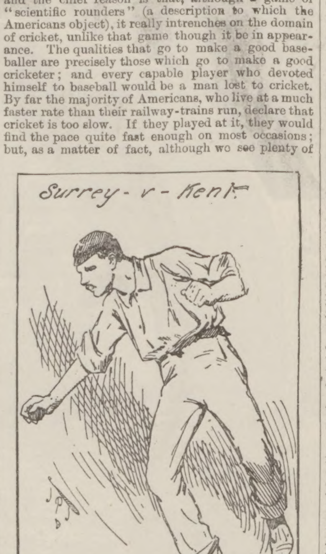
Baseball

players in America must have conceived an erroneous impression of the opinion formed in England upon the game, or we should scarcely have received a visit from a number of enthusiasts fired with the—from their own point of view—laudable desire to take another step towards the introduction of the game among us. The English Press showed a great deal of courtesy to the baseball players who came over in the spring, and although we all, to a man, agreed with the reply of the Prince of Wales to the question

put to him by the reporter of an Anglo-American newspaper, that baseball was a good game but cricket was better, everyone was anxious to say a good word for the game and its exponents. The fact of the use of the two headquarters of the game in London—Lord's and Kennington Oval—being gratuitously granted the Americans merely proved that there was no "beastly jealousy" about us; but by a sufficiently biassed mind it might have been construed into a burning desire on our part to see something novel in the way of games, we being sick and tired of cricket. The reception accorded the Americans was very proper and pleasing, but it seems to have made their countrymen think that English soil is a receptive one for the game. But with us, to speak the plain, hard truth,

Baseball Has No Chance,

and the chief reason is that, although a game of "scientific rounders" (a description to which the Americans object), it really intrenches on the domain of cricket, unlike that game though it be in appearance. The qualities that go to make a good baseballer are precisely those which go to make a good cricketer; and every capable player who devoted himself to baseball would be a man lost to cricket. By far the majority of Americans, who live at a much faster rate than their railway-trains run, declare that cricket is too slow. If they played at it, they would find the pace quite fast enough on most occasions; but, as a matter of fact, although we see plenty of isolated instances of athletic prowess on the part of Americans, taken as a body, they are not "built that way." Those who are best likely to know inform me that the great bulk of Americans do not care for sport for the sake of participating in it in the energetic way every able-bodied Englishman does. They content themselves by paying for the privilege of looking at it. Thus with baseball: although it is a game played at all the colleges, the great mass of the people who throng to a great match in their thousands have no actual experience of the game they grow wild over (or is it over their bets?). But baseball gives that constant change which seems necessary to the proper gratification of the American mind, and from a spectator's point of view they decree that



A CRICKETING SOUVENIR.

Cricket is Too Slow.

But that is mainly due to the fact that they understand absolutely nothing about it. They do not, as a rule, understand much about baseball, but nearly all the points in that game appeal directly to the eye, and do not demand much education fully to appreciate them. At cricket the veriest dolt, who may have never seen the game played before, is struck by a big drive over the heads of the crowd; but he is impressed with the sight of the high-flying ball just as he would be with a balloon. He would not appreciate the superiority of the stroke which sends the ball along the ground. When the American says "cricket is slow," no doubt he has in his mind's eye the spectacle of two bowlers sending down a series of maiden overs, which to him, who knows nothing of the beauty of each ball and of the batting which plays it safely, is, of course, slow. But all the while the experienced cricketer is experiencing the keenest enjoyment. What cricketer in the great match at the Oval, in 1882, between England and Australia, in England's fatal second innings, saw anything particularly "slow" in the thirteen maiden overs bowled by Spofforth and Boyle at the most critical period of the game? But all Americans do not consider cricket slow. Witness the presence among us of the

Philadelphian Cricketers,

who must have great love for the game, and also have devoted considerable time to its practice to play as well as they do. Philadelphia has always been the headquarters of American cricket, and probably always will be. Those who know New York do not expect the game to go in that city. Cricket implies more leisure than people have there in the daytime, which is one reason why baseball is so popular, what excitement there is being crowded into a small space of time. An English crowd would not care to spoil the whole of a fine summer afternoon for the sake of watching two hours' play; they like something that lasts so long as there is light, and does not leave them with several hours on their hands. The fact that baseball is played in the cricket season is deadly to its chance of success with us; and played in fine weather it must be. So much is this the case that the laws do not permit the continuance of play after rain has fallen for five minutes. Thus we have a very distinct clashing of interests; and it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that we should all suddenly give up a game which has become part of our natures. Another thing which militates greatly against baseball gaining favour in the English mind is the

Clowning.

There can be no question that it is a diverting sight to see a player dodging about at a base trying to get the better of the pitcher and his fielders; but it does not follow that one would be quite so pleased to see one's own relatives and friends playing the part of clown. Cricket, Americans should be made to understand, is played by people of considerable position and dignity, and because cricket is a dignified game, and one which does not put the player in a false position at any time, that it is our national game. We constantly see divines and members of Parliament participating in the game, and playing it well too, and to the enjoyment of others; but what would be said if one saw one's pet parson "sliding a base" on the seat of his trousers, or falling headlong at it? Fancy W. G. Grace performing these antics! Accomplished by professional semi-acrobats or schoolboys they are well enough, but not for dignified Englishmen of any social standing whatever.

I am quite sure that the Philadelphian gentlemen cricketers with us are not to be seen "sliding bases" even when at home. You have only to see them to be assured of that. They play a very good batting game, but they have

No Bowlers.

That is to say, not with them, for they had to leave at least one very good one behind. With the bat, when the opposing bowlers are not very strong, they hold their own pretty fairly.

The Canterbury Cricket Week

(can any one fancy a Canterbury baseball week?) was this year rendered more than usually notable by a banquet given by Kent County to Dr. W. G. Grace. Dr. Grace has frequently played at Canterbury on the occasion of this annual cricket festival, making on the beautiful St. Lawrence ground his record score, for a first-class match, of 344, besides performing other batting feats. But this year saw the first Gloucestershire team that has played on the occasion, and the opportunity was seized for doing honour to the great cricketer. It was well done; and, as nearly everyone present knew the doctor intimately, and was well aware of his kindness of heart, the enthusiasm was immense. "That fierce light which beats upon the throne" has never yet been able to disclose a flaw in Dr. W. G. Grace's character; and he is as much honoured for that by those who have been brought into contact with him in the cricket-field as for his great ability as a cricketer.

Their great victory over Notts—a victory which I had the temerity to foreshadow a fortnight ago—seemed to put extra life into the thews of

Surrey,

for they smote the bowling of Middlesex to the tune of 507, which is good enough for a first-class county match. In cricket classes, as in all others, there must be a top and bottom boy; and while I should hesitate to give any decided position to Sussex, I have no fear of being contradicted when I say that it is not at the top. I know Sussex beat the Australians in 1888, and the Australians had beaten England the week before. All the more credit, then, to the Surrey batsmen for making so large a score against the same bowlers who got rid of the Australians for 68 and 88. Mr. W. W. Read again made a big score, and once more caused the question to be asked, Who is the

Best Bat in England?

Whatever story the batting averages may tell us at the end of the season, there will be found many ready to affirm that Mr. W. W. Read is entitled to fill the position. Because, being a younger man—in his prime, he should be—he is now better than Mr. W. G. Grace, it does not necessarily follow that he is better than W. G. ever was. No batsman in the world has ever approached the extraordinary batting powers of W. G. Grace in his prime. It was not a question of making a fine innings now and then: he made them consecutively, and bowlers were in despair. But Mr. Read has more nearly approached the great man than any other Englishman. I say Englishman, because I have the great Australian bat, Mr. W. L. Murdoch, in my eye. Mr. Read has got within six runs of Mr. Grace's 344 in a first-class match, the Sussex bowlers being the ones to oblige, and has shown, this season included, wonderful batting powers, making high scores in both innings of a match. But while Mr. Grace was so wonderful a bat, he was also a very fine bowler; and great practice is necessary to perfect oneself in the art of bowling, which means much time taken from the nets.

BANSHEE.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The commencement of hostilities in the Sham Naval Campaign was preceded by plenty of useful signalling between the different ships of the rival Fleets; and an Illustration of the various modes of signalling adopted is, accordingly, given in *The Penny Illustrated Paper* as an introduction to the Battle scenes to follow. We will not weary our readers with prolix accounts of the voyage of Admiral Sir George Tryon with his Squadron to Milford Haven, nor with the log of Admiral Baird's trip to Queenstown. It will suffice here to append

The Plan of Action.

The leading idea of the naval campaign is that a hostile Power is operating against the commerce and the coasts of England from its fortified ports of Queenstown, Bantry, Kingstown, Belfast, and Lough Swilly. The object of the defending fleet is to protect our commerce and to prevent the enemy from bombarding our ports and coast-towns. The enemy—otherwise the Achill force—is under the command of Admirals Baird and D'Arcy Irvine, and the following is a statement of his strength: Battle-ships—Northumberland, Anson, Collingwood, Camperdown, Inflexible, Devastation, Monarch, Hero, and Iron Duke; Cruisers—Australia, Immortalité, Mersey, Arethusa, Iris, Magicienne, and Calypso; torpedo dépôt-ship, Hecla; sloop, Nymphe; gun-vessel, Curlew; gun-boats, Grasshopper and Rattlesnake, with torpedo-boats Nos. 25, 41, 42, 49, 50, 78, 79, and 80. Nine battle-ships, seven cruisers, five other vessels, and eight torpedo-boats.

The Defending Force

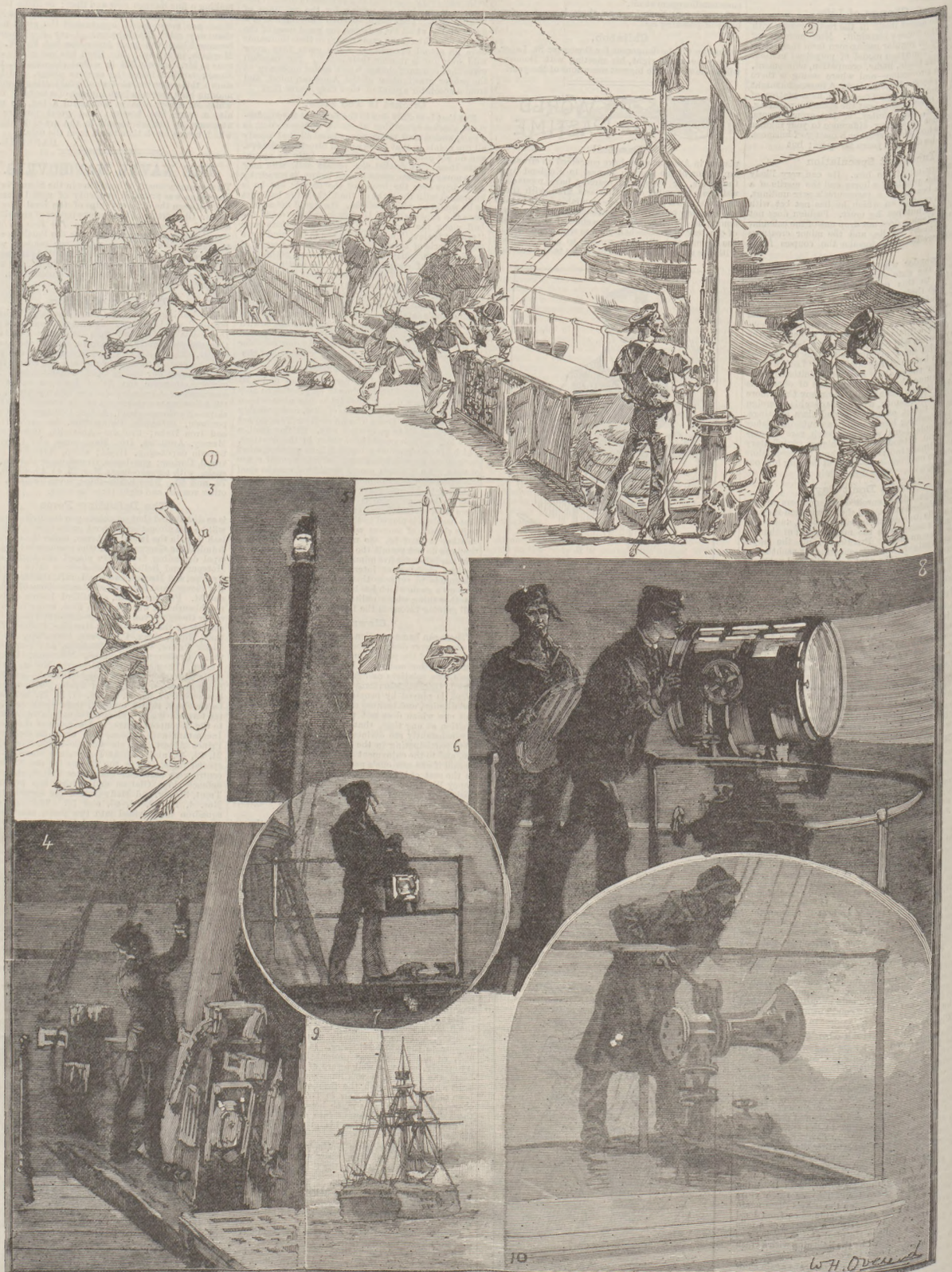
is so distributed that no point upon the British coasts will be left altogether without protection. At Lamlash Bay, in the Island of Arran, under the orders of Admiral Sir George Tryon, who commands the principal defending fleet, were placed the battle-ships Hotspur and Belleisle, coast-defence ships Gorgon, Cyclops, and Hecate, two small craft, the Hearty and the Plover; and four torpedo-boats—Nos. 51, 52, 53, and 54. Farther south, at Milford Haven or in its neighbourhood, was the main fleet, under the orders of Sir George Tryon and Rear-Admiral Tracey. This consists of the battle-ships Hercules, Rodney, Neptune, Howe, Ajax, Conqueror, Invincible, Rupert, Black Prince, Warspite, Shannon, and Northampton. Cruisers: Undaunted, Narcissus, Galatea, Aurora, Thames, Forth, Mercury, Medea, Melpomene, Marathon, Serpent, and Mohawk; gun-boats Sharpshooter, Sandfly, and Spider; with torpedo-boats Nos. 57, 58, 59, 60, 66, 71, 75, 77, 81; twelve battle-ships, twelve cruisers, three small craft, and ten torpedo-boats. The next squadron was attached to the Devonport centre, and consists of the cruisers Inconstant and Racoon, the coast-defence vessel Prince Albert, and six torpedo-boats, Nos. 2, 23, 24, 34, 45, and 55. At Portsmouth there was no special force, but in the Downs for the Sheerness centre were stationed the cruiser Volage, the coast-defence ships Glatton and Hydra, the gun-boats Trent, Slaney, and Medway, and six torpedo-boats, Nos. 4, 12, 63, 64, 65, and 72. The east coast squadron was divided into two parts, stationed at the naval centres of Leith and Hull. At Leith were the cruisers Active and Medusa, the gun-boats Pigmy, Spey, Tees, and Watchful, and two torpedo-boats, Nos. 73 and 74. The force at Hull consisted of the cruisers Ruby and Tartar; two small craft, the Traveller and Medina, and two torpedo-boats, Nos. 67 and 68.

Mdlle. Otto Bronnum, the young Danish lady who sang in the Albert Hall on the occasion of the opening of the Danish Exhibition, has been engaged for the Promenade Concerts in Her Majesty's Theatre. She has a very good soprano voice.

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Sulpholine Soap gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

Tobacconists Commencing.—Write for Illus. Guide, free, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11, Beech-street, London, E.C. Manager, H. Myers.—[Advt.]

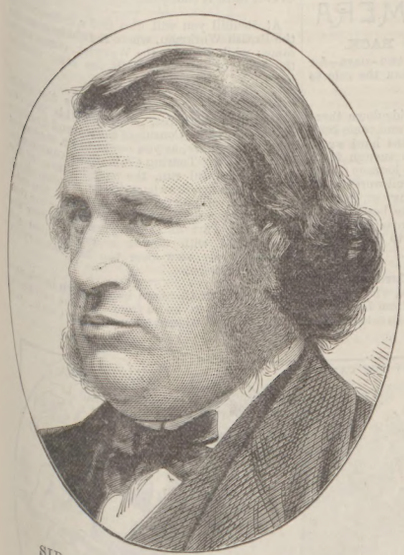
A RAINY SKIT WHICH WILL BE APPRECIATED AT LORD'S.



1. Signalling by Flags. 2. Signalling by Semaphore. 3. Morse Signalling by Hand-Flag. 4. and 5. Morse Signalling with Electric Lamp at the Masthead.
6. Helm Signal. 7. Morse Signalling with Hand-Lamp. 8. Signalling with Electric Beam. 9. and 10. Steam Siren Fog Signal.

JACK'S METHODS OF SIGNALLING.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES ROUND THE COASTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN,
THE JUDGE IN THE MAYBRICK CASE.

SIR FITZJAMES STEPHEN.

What a mob could be induced to hiss so upright and honourable a Judge as Sir Fitzjames Stephen at the conclusion of a trial in which he devoted all the powers of his logical mind to arrive at the truth would puzzle us exceedingly, were it not for one glaring and ominous fact. That is, the growing contempt of the rational rules of Law and Order on the part of the hysterical section of the Press and the Public. Believing the great silent majority of the British public still have faith in our national system of trial by a responsible Judge and Jury, and entertain a wholesome dislike for the modern substitute for Lynch Law, we have no doubt that Sir Fitzjames Stephen has much sympathisers at this juncture. We have much pleasure in presenting a Portrait of this able and distinguished Judge, from the photograph by Mr. C. H. Braithwaite, of Leeds.

* * * *

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., who a few years ago accepted the Judgeship in the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, and who delivered the clear and luminous charge to the Jury in the Maybrick Case, is heartily regarded as an ornament to the Bench. He is the eldest son of the late Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., and was born in March, 1829. He received his early education at Eton, and King's College, London, and graduated B.A. and M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge. Called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1854, he was appointed Recorder of Newark-on-Trent in 1859; and in 1862 became Legal Member of the Council of the Government of India, which post he held till 1872. His codification of the English Criminal Law has won the approval and admiration of both Bench and Bar. He was one of the most brilliant writers on the *Saturday Review*. With regard to Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's conduct of the Maybrick case, the *Law Times* says the trial proved "that we possess one Judge, at least, of the very first rank of criminal Judges"—meaning, of course, in criminal cases. He is probably eminent to have gained the esteem of most impartial and unprejudiced men.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S TRIAL.

Warned that the conflicting nature of the medical evidence in the Maybrick Trial led us to expect that Mrs. Florence Maybrick would have received the benefit of the doubt. But, at the same time, we freely admit that the best and most competent judges in the matter were the jury and Sir Fitzjames Stephen, who patiently devoted the whole of their time for many days to the close examination of the whole of the evidence bearing on the alleged guilt or innocence of the unfortunate woman, and whose judgment should, at least, the respect of the public.

* * * *

Florence Elizabeth Maybrick is an exceedingly comely and graceful young lady of twenty-eight years of age. Attired in a crape bonnet, with handsome crape jacket, veil, and black gloves, the pretty widow of the late Mr. James Maybrick was the centre of attraction in the court at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, during the week she was undergoing the ordeal of trial for the murder by poison of her husband. In the dock she was usually composed, but now and again she became very nervous, and seemed about to swoon. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Addison, Q.C., M.P., and the defence by Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P. The world is familiar with the sad history of Mr. James Maybrick's marriage. Brother of the favourite composer and singer, Mr. Michael Maybrick, the deceased was a gentleman whose business connections took him a great deal to America, and it was in that country that he became acquainted with the prisoner, who was an American, and whom he married in London, in July, 1881, there being two children of the marriage. They settled in Liverpool, where they had an establishment comprising Mr. and Mrs. Maybrick, their two children, and four domestic servants. At the time of his death Mr. Maybrick was fifty-four. Mr. Maybrick, usually a strong, healthy man, going to his business every day as a cotton broker, was in the habit of complaining of his liver and nerves. He admittedly took medicines, of which arsenic formed a part, and this point clearly told in favour of Mrs. Maybrick. But, as supplying a motive for the crime, there was the damaging fact of Mrs. Maybrick's visit to London, where she stayed with her Liverpool lover, Mr. Albert Brierley, at an hotel in Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, on the 22nd and 23rd of March last. On the occasion of the race for the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase Mrs. Maybrick and her husband quarrelled. Subsequently Mr. Maybrick made certain complaints to his brother, Mr. Michael Maybrick, about feeling unwell; and on the 14th of April he consulted Dr. Fuller in London, who attributed the illness to dyspepsia. Be that as it might, he grew seriously ill. He was attended by Dr. Richard Humphreys, who reported at one juncture that he was progressing favourably. About the same time, however, Mrs. Maybrick wrote to Mr. Brierley a letter, in which she said, speaking of the husband she was nursing, "*He is sick unto death.*" Mr. Maybrick died on the night of May 11, in the presence of two physicians, and the post-mortem appearances had convinced the surgeon attending him that death resulted from the administration of arsenic. In fine, the accumulation of evidence—the testimony of Nurse Gore as to her tampering with a medicine bottle, the discovery of arsenic in the liver and kidneys and intestines of the deceased, the arsenic stains on Mrs. Maybrick's clothes, and her intrigue with Brierley—led the jury to return the verdict of Guilty, followed by the Sentence to Death from the lips of the Judge. On the other hand, Sir Charles Russell relied upon the opinion of Dr. Tidy, Dr. Macnamara, and Dr. Paul, that Mr. Maybrick died from gastro-enteritis, or acute inflammation of the stomach, not from arsenical poisoning; upon the statement of a Bangor chemist, Mr. Jones, that ladies frequently bought fly-papers from him when flies were out of season, it being inferred that they used the arsenic in them for face-washes; upon the declaration of a Liverpool hairdresser, Bioletti, that arsenic was used in toilet preparations; and upon Sir James Poole's admission that the deceased had confessed to him that he took "poisonous medicines." Sir Charles Russell, in his eloquent appeal on behalf of Mrs. Maybrick, dwelt forcibly on this pernicious habit of the deceased. Finally, we may be allowed to reprint

The Statement Mrs. Maybrick Made in the Dock.

"My Lord,—I wish to make a statement as well as I can about a few facts in connection with the dreadful and crushing charge which has been made against me—the charge of poisoning my husband and the father of my dear children." (Here the prisoner was so overcome that it was some moments before she could proceed.)

"I wish principally to refer to the fly-paper solution. The fly-papers I bought with the intention of using the solution as a cosmetic. Before my marriage, and since, for many years, I have been in the habit of using the wash for the face prescribed by Dr. Graves, of Brooklyn. It consisted, I believe, principally of arsenic, tincture of benzoin, elder-flower water, and some other ingredients. This prescription I lost last April, and as at the time I was suffering from an eruption of the face I thought I should like to try to make a substitute myself. I was anxious to get rid of this eruption before I went to a ball on the 30th of that month. When I had been in Germany among my young friends there I had seen a solution derived from fly-papers soaked in elder-flower water, and then applied to the face with a handkerchief well soaked in the solution. I procured the fly-papers and used them in the same manner to avoid evaporation of the scent. It was necessary to exclude the air as much as possible, and for this purpose I put a plate over the fly-papers, and then a folded towel, and then another towel over that. My mother has been aware for a great many years that I used an arsenical cosmetic.

"My Lord,—I now wish to say a word about the bottle of beef essence. On Thursday night, May 9, when Nurse Gore had given my husband the meat juice, I went and sat down by his side. He complained of feeling very sick and very oppressed, and he again implored me to give him his powder. I declined to give it him, but I was over-wrought, terribly anxious, and miserably unhappy, and his distress utterly unnerved me. After he had told me that the powder would not harm him if I put it in his food, I consented. My Lord,—I had not one single honest friend in the house. I had no one to consult. I was deposed from my position of mistress and from attendance on my husband, and notwithstanding that he was so ill, notwithstanding that on the evidence of the nurses he wished to have me with him, and he missed me whenever I went out of the room, for four days before he died I was not allowed even to give him a piece of ice without it being taken out of my hand." (At this point the prisoner burst into tears, and had to pause for some moments.)

"I took the white powder. I took it in the inner room with the meat juice, and pushing the door I upset the bottle; and in order to make up the quantity of fluid spilled I added a considerable quantity of water. On returning to the room I found my husband asleep, and I placed the bottle on the small table. When he awoke he had a choking sensation in his throat and vomiting. As he did not ask for the powder, and as I was not anxious to give it him, I removed the bottle from the small table where I had put it on to the washstand behind the basin, where he could not see it. There I left it till Mr. Michael Maybrick took complete possession of it.

"Until Tuesday, the 14th of May, after my husband's death, until a few minutes before Mr. Bryning made the terrible charge against me, no one in the house had informed me as to the fact that a post-mortem examination had taken place, or that there was any reason to suppose that my husband had died from any other than natural causes. It was only when Mrs. Briggs alluded to the presence of arsenic in the beef juice that I was made aware of the nature of the powder my husband had asked me to give him. Then I attempted to make an explanation to Mrs. Briggs, but the policeman interrupted the conversation, and stopped it. In conclusion, my Lord, I have to say that for the love of our children, and for the sake of their future, a perfect reconciliation had taken place between us, and that on the day before his death I made a free confession to him of the fearful wrong I did him."

The Reprieve Movement.

The Home Secretary is reported to be considering the case. Meantime, we hear from Liverpool that the High Sheriff has fixed Monday, the 26th inst., for the execution of Mrs. Maybrick in Walton Jail. The condemned woman was

MRS. MAYBRICK READING HER STATEMENT TO THE COURT.

reported to be somewhat better on Monday, but still weak and prostrate after her relapse on Sunday. She was again visited by her mother, Baroness Roque. The various petitions in Liverpool continue to receive numerous signatures, and Messrs. Cleaver and Holden, the solicitors for the defence, state that they have had applications from some two hundred of the leading towns in the country asking for copies of the public petition to be sent for signature. An open-air meeting in front of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, was held last Monday evening in favour of Mrs. Maybrick. It was attended by about four thousand persons. The proceedings were orderly, and, though there were some few dissentients, the petition was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

Letter from Mrs. Maybrick's Mother.

The following letter has been addressed by Baroness von Roque, mother of Mrs. Maybrick, to a friend, who has forwarded it to the *Liverpool Daily Post*: "I should be most grateful if you would find a way to convey to the Press how deep is my gratitude and sincere my appreciation of the efforts being made by the generous and just English people to save my unhappy daughter. She herself, with irrepressible sobs and tears, in our last interview said how grateful she was for the sentiment in her favour, and for the many letters of sympathy she received, which she is not, by the rules, able to reply to or give to me to do so. I wish to refrain from all appearance of any personal appeal myself for fear it may be mistaken for a desire to create a disturbance in public, and I am an upholder of law and peace. What I wish and hope is this—that the kind English heart will find a way to see how innocent she really is of all crime, and that for the sake of her already terrible punishment, and her deep repentance for the one sin committed in a hitherto blameless life, a way may be found to restore her to her helpless little children, for whom she mourns continually, and to me, for she is my only child. Kindly do not let it appear that I wished to publish anything, but merely, in answer to the many inquiries from the Press, express our deep, united thanks and hopes."

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

AN AMUSING EPISODE OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.
(Sketched by our Special Artist.)

The Artillerymen

are just now having their innings in more senses than one. Not only are the gunners doing their best in their detachments at Shoeburyness to win the Queen's Prize, each party for its own corps, but the whole of the Brigades all round the coast have been put on the alert by the "declaration of war" between the Fleets starting from the Imperial Review at Spithead to play the part, from the landsman's standpoint, of friend or enemy. All round it seems that the War Office proviso, that if inconvenient to actually call the men out the military authorities on the coast may simply make their defensive arrangements on paper, is quite superfluous: from John O'Groat's to the Land's End the Volunteer gunners are anxious to be properly brought up to the scratch, and show themselves ready to pound the "enemy's" cruisers, even though they may not have the guns with which to do it; and if movable guns, perhaps not the horses or the harness. It is to be feared, though, that the deficiency is rather in the guns; the animals and the tackle can always be had from willing team owners. But decidedly things are better in this respect than they were twelve months ago. At the present time there are, spread over the country,

Twenty-six Batteries

of good heavy forty-pounder guns in Volunteer hands, seven of twenty-pounders, and thirty-three of sixteen, and the gunners know where to find the horses at a few hours' notice, even in peace times. Probably the sixteen-pounders would not be of much use against an armoured cruiser steaming up a river estuary, and had better bide their time till they are wanted in a land fight; but those twenties and forties, hauled by good stout farm horses, would play the deuce and all with an enemy's craft as they shifted from one headland to another, and make warm the running up channel. Of the three kinds of weapons there are now sixty-seven batteries, with 268 guns; and the Government would do well to make the extra allowance just a little bit bigger, so that there should not be in this island one Volunteer brigade which had not its movable battery, and especially on the commercial estuaries should there be more 40-pounder batteries.

The Gunners

going into Shoeburyness Camp last Saturday looked a most serviceable lot, mostly strong and wiry fellows, and the manner in which they went to work in the batteries with the 68-pounders, all in the heavy rain of Monday morning, was a treat to behold. The public do not see much of these Volunteer artillerymen—they know the infantry and Wimbledon better than the gunners and Shoeburyness; but there can be no question that in these men John Bull gets a lot more than his penn'orth for his penny. Last year over 41,000 of them were returned efficients, and how much they will do for nothing and next to nothing is evidenced by their readiness to turn out in connection with the Naval Manœuvres and go all the way to Shoeburyness, from the most distant parts of the country, to shoot for prizes of the most trifling value. And as the gunners were moving down to the Essex corner last Saturday

The Infantry Mobilisation

at Aldershot and Churn was coming to an end. As for Aldershot, having been there several times while the East London Brigade was on Cove Common I was quite unable to see a bit of difference between the old-fashioned eight days' drill with the Regular troops and the new-fashioned brigade mobilisation, except that as a brigade the East London was weak. But it swelled out enormously on the day when the German Emperor came up to see the British land forces; and before a Sovereign whose army is limited simply by the number of his able-bodied male subjects it was right that half the British Army ranged in line should be Volunteers. I am told that his Majesty took especial interest in the Volunteers that day, and can quite believe it. I know they had all his attention in the march-past. The East London and the Home Counties Brigades were "cautions" for size, and were as steady as they were big, even after the large share of marching and climbing they had to do.

The London Rifle Brigade

has got a good man in its new second Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain Cholmondeley of the Rifle Brigade, formerly adjutant of his battalion, and one of Sir Frederick Roberts's men in Afghanistan. But seeing that the L.R.B. could have promoted a thoroughly good field officer in Major Matthey—no better ever got into the saddle—it seems strange that he should have been passed over, and an outsider, though a Regular, be preferred. There is an absurd old rule in the brigade that its Lieutenant-Colonels must be professional soldiers; and experience has shown that observance of the rule does not always produce the most serviceable article. But is it a fact that Lord Edward Pelham Clinton did not select Major Matthey for preferment, because, had he done so, he would have had to select as a junior field-officer a gentleman of whose equestrian performances—at the last inspection, for instance—the less said the better? It is to be feared that the modern London gentleman's fashion of going to town in a first-class carriage, instead of on horseback like his grandfather, has a great deal to do with otherwise inexplicable promotions in Metropolitan Volunteer Corps. Time was when

Lombard-street was full of Horses

at four o'clock of a day. That was in Boney's era, and we had plenty of Light Horse Volunteer Corps about London. Now-a-days there are some men in the H.A.C. Light Cavalry troop—the only London mounted corps—who might ride better. Eighty years ago there was one London horse corps five hundred strong, and it built what is now the Royal Free Hospital in the Gray's-inn-road for its headquarters. When next that way look at th letters "L.H.V." (Legal Horse Volunteers) on the stones outside.

The Morris Tube

is a blessing to Volunteers in these days, when ranges are scarce, and even a corps like the St. George's has to beg a day on the Guards' ranges at Pirbright to get its men through the mass firing for the Capitation Grant. Private Luff, of the L.R.B., is a witness to the value of tube practice. Two years ago he joined the brigade as ignorant of rifles as he is of astrology. But he went in for the tubes, and stuck to them; and so last week came out winner of the Brigade Gold Medal and Championship, after proving his ability with the rifle again and again this season.

To-day we reach the beginning of the end of the active season.

The Engineer Camp at Chatham

opens for less than 500 men, and the large-hearted War Office will allow twenty-five London sergeants to go to Aldershot for a week's tactical training at their own expense. Some day there will be a better appreciation of things by Pall-mall, and the number will be increased; but the Chatham Camp has stuck a long while at its present number. The War Office cannot stand more Volunteers having a week or a fortnight's training at Chatham; and yet every Engineer battalion has been put down for some important duty in the scheme of defence. "Penny wise and pound foolish" might be the official motto in dealing with Volunteers. EYES FRONT.

NOT SO BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED.

A FRIEND of mine, who was a guest in one of the houses that the Shah visited, says Mr. Labouchere, has given me some particulars about this potentate. It would seem that the uncleanliness of the Persians is a myth, and that they are singularly clean in their habits and persons. They have, however, no idea of fixed times and places for eating, and generally a number of them prefer to dine in their rooms, instead of making their appearance in the dining-room. The Shah himself my friend describes as a sort of Henry VIII.—jovial and familiar, but disposed if ruffled to cut off a friend's head. His French is confined to verbs and substantives, which he utters with the accompaniment of a good deal of pantomime. He is a mixture of native shrewdness and excessive, although natural, ignorance of what everyone is supposed to know. When he saw the Scotch mountains he became anxious, and shouted "Brigands!" "Bijoux!" and there was some difficulty in making clear to him that a guard was not necessary to protect his jewels from the brigands, whom he associated with mountains.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

TO BRIGHTON AND BACK.

THERE is no more delightful two-days—for some people a one-day—run than the ride to Brighton and back.

Of course, there are men who ride down there in the morning, have their lunch, and come back in the afternoon. But this means hard work. The distance is fifty miles, quite enough for a sensible and comfortable day's journey; and Brighton is a place where it is well worth while to spend an afternoon, a morning, or, in fact, all the time you can spare. The best plan, if you can manage it, is to ride there on Saturday, stay over Sunday, and return to London on Monday.

The road is good. I believe there is a racing cyclist, or rather a racing crank, who suggests making an asphalt racing track from London to Brighton, and the cost has even been calculated—only a few hundred thousand pounds! But the road as it is will answer the purpose of most riders. There have been road races over it, but not many. It has never, in this respect, rivalled the North-road, principally, I suppose, because it is too undulating.

But it has seen one rather famous race in cycling annals, that between the coach and a Safety. The coach changed horses several times; the ride on the safety—a Referee, if I remember rightly—was made by four men, Schafer and Morris being two of the four. The Safety beat the coach by a few minutes, but I don't know what practical good could possibly come out of the contest.

It is difficult to find a route out of South London by which you can avoid the badly paved streets. There is more than one, but so complicated, it is not easy to give exact directions. If you do not know the way for yourself, the first time you go to Brighton, get some one who does to pilot you at least as far as Croydon.

The road is pretty and shady, and winding almost the entire distance. You can go either by way of Reigate or Redhill. I believe the coach goes one way, and comes back the other; and you might as well follow its example. On the long hill into Reigate the first hill-climbing contest was held, and from its top you have a wonderfully beautiful view over the country. At Reigate you can lunch either at the C.T.C. headquarters, the White Hart, or at the coffee-tavern, the Reigate Arms, where the cheaper C.T.C. tariff is charged.

At Redhill you will also find a coffee-tavern, the British Workman, where the charges are the same; while the inn, the Warwick, comes under the head of quarters, with the same cheaper tariff.

I cannot here undertake to give the entire route, with distances, &c. For this you can write to the Chief Consuls of Surrey and Sussex—that is, if you are, as you ought to be, a member of the Cyclists' Touring Club. But I can promise you a delightful run, the very hilliness of the road, which is a drawback to the scorcher or the road-racer, adding to its interest for the rider who cares for what he sees as well as for the time he makes. Part of the way you ride over the downs, and with almost every hill you get another lovely view over the fair country of Surrey or Sussex.

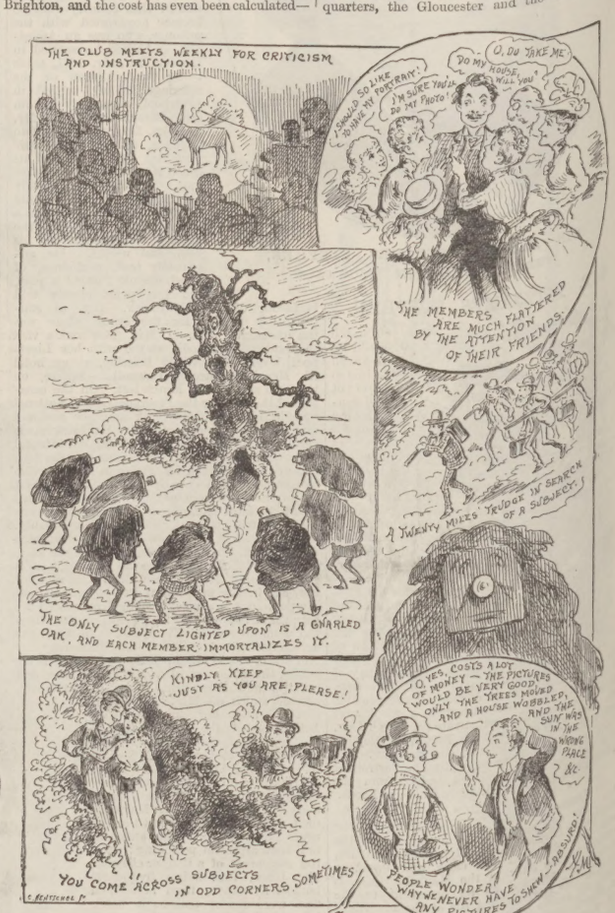
At Brighton there are half a dozen hotels and coffee-taverns to choose from. At the two headquarters, the Gloucester and the Castle, you will find dark rooms in which, if you are an amateur photographer and carry your camera, you can safely change your plates. That many of the C.T.C. houses have thought it worth their while to provide these dark rooms shows their very strong connection that already exists between Cycle and Camera.

It is scarcely necessary for me to tell you how to dispose of your day or morning in Brighton. The paper on that town shows how many are the attractions, not only in the fashionable season but at all times. You can wander along the parade, spend delightful hours doing nothing on the beach, lounge in the Aquarium, or, if you feel energetically inclined, jump on your machine and ride the five miles to the Devil's Dyke, where there is the old Roman intrenchment, and where nowadays gypsies love to camp. There you are almost always sure of finding Mattie Cooper, the old gypsy, who has probably had more written about him than any other man or woman of his race.

And, after breathing for a day the strong sea air, you will rise the next morning refreshed and start on your journey homewards with renewed pleasure. You will find yourself riding the steepest hills as if they were levels, and the physical good your two or three days' outing will have done you will more than make up for the time given to it.

N. C. U.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]



OUR VILLAGE: No. VIII.—OUR CAMERA CLUB.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I am sorry to hear a rumour that the wings and breasts of

Birds

are to be worn again on hats this winter. I have been told that these very ugly—must I call them? ornaments are really manufactured out of the [illegible] of the chickens and fowls we sometimes [illegible] dinner. That fact certainly takes away the charge of cruelty, but then the thing becomes a *sham*. We profess to the world that we have a rare foreign bird upon our hat or bonnet, and, lo! it is only part of an

Old Hen,

or, at best, of a poor little chicken! And what can be more hideous than a bird upon a woman's head? It is almost always arranged with its *head* down, its neck twisted into a most unnatural pose, and its claws in the air. It is neither graceful, artistic, nor pretty. I hear that the

Autumn Jackets

are to be longer than those we have been wearing [illegible]. I hope this does not mean that the ugly [illegible] of a jacket which is neither short nor long [illegible] in again. But I fancy the long cloak will hold its own during the coming winter, or [illegible] fitting ulster with the coachman's [illegible] I described two or three weeks ago. I [illegible] not wonder if these capes became very common. [illegible]

Jerseys

[illegible] more popular than ever since the [illegible] of Fife ordered three for her trousseau. [illegible] are exceedingly comfortable, and in cut and [illegible] they have improved so much of late that [illegible] of them look as well as any bodice turned [illegible] by a first-rate hand. They can be had, too, [illegible] all purses, and that is, in itself, a great recommendation.

Have any of you tried the Florador Food now so much recommended by

Medical Men

as a light, wholesome, nourishing, and also palatable article of diet, suitable alike to healthy people and invalids? It is even said to be as [illegible] as oatmeal, and much more [illegible] digested. Those who have tried it like it [illegible] than "Hominey." The Florador Food can be had either large-grained, medium, or small. The large is very much used for soups instead of macaroni or barley; the fine is used for blanc-mange, puddings, fritters, cakes, biscuits, buns, &c. The price of this food brings it within the range of every purse. Perhaps some of my readers who may be induced to try it will kindly write and say what they think of it. Meanwhile, having mentioned oatmeal, I should like to say a word or two about

Porridge.

I do not think it is very popular in England. "Horrid stuff," I have heard it called; and I have myself seen very horrid stuff indeed served up under the name of porridge on English breakfast tables. The ordinary cook or accomplished maid-of-all-work in this country almost invariably—I think I may say invariably—puts the

Oatmeal

she means to boil for the morning porridge *into steep the night before.* "It makes it so much more easy to boil," she says. So it does; she is quite right; but it ought *not* to be made more easy to boil, and the chances are that porridge made of steeped oatmeal will have a slightly sour flavour. Porridge should be boiled a very long time, and it must be kept constantly stirred with a *wooden spoon* from the time the *dry* oatmeal is allowed to run through the cook's fingers into the

Boiling Water,

to which a little salt has been added; and stirred it must be *perpetually* until it becomes of the proper thickness; then the saucepan may be drawn off the fire and the contents be allowed to bubble away, with an occasional stir *down to the bottom and all round*, for an indefinite time. When it is served do not eat it with

Sugar.

Try burying a little bit of butter in the middle, and eat it with milk, not poured over the plate, but each spoonful *dipped into the cup of milk*. In Ireland porridge is called "stir-about," to signify, I suppose, the amount of stirring it ought to get. I should not wonder, if I may judge by the deserted look of the houses, both in the fashionable and unfashionable quarters of the town, if a great many of my readers had migrated since last week, with their children, to the seaside. I hope you will have fine weather and enjoy yourselves. Perhaps you would like to hear of a very simple way to keep off

Midnight Marauders,

if, unfortunately, there are any on the war-path where you are. Buy a little bottle of lightly diluted carbolic acid (the perfume is not very nice, but, never mind, it is wholesome), wet a bit of sponge with it, and rub it lightly over the body. You need not rub it over your face generally (a very happy hunting-ground for the marauders, by-the-way), you will find it enough to draw a sort of

Magic Circle

round it. Children are made irritable, and sometimes even ill, by reason of insect bites. Even on the beach there are very often some lively specimens; and it is a very good plan to sponge the small legs, always more or less bare, with the solution of carbolic acid. Of all *insecticides* it is the most efficacious. The "Insecticide Vicat," to be obtained of the chemist, is good to powder the bed with. Do any of you suffer from

Hot Hands?

If so, try the following very simple and agreeable lotion: *One ounce of powdered alum, ditto of glycerine, and ten ounces of rose-water* (half these quantities may be mixed if you wish). Rub in a little of this lotion before you go out, and it will keep your gloves from being spoiled. But do not rub it one time, forget it another, and then say it is no good. Give it a fair trial. You will find

Orris-Root Powder

and oatmeal very good for the hands, and an excellent substitute for soap; or it can be rubbed on after washing with soap; but be careful to dry your hands thoroughly. It is not a bad thing, if you suffer from hot hands, to pierce some small holes in the palm of your glove to *let steam out and air in.*

NEW GOWN FOR THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

The accompanying sketch (reproduced from the *Lady's Pictorial*) represents a very beautiful gown for the Princess of Wales, recently designed and executed for her Royal Highness by Mrs. Sims, 51, Dawson-street, Dublin. The bodice and train are of ivory poplin, embroidered in shamrocks, draped most artistically with crêpe de Chine, and trimmed with magnificent pearl ornaments, arranged in clusters of crescents. The skirt is looped with bands of satin duchesse, embroidered with pearls, while the corsage is cut in a pretty V shape, and suitably ornamented with folds of crêpe de Chine and pearl embroidery to correspond with the trimming of the skirt.

A week or two ago I gave you some hints upon

Tea-Making.

I meant to add, but forgot to do so, that neither tea nor coffee should be kept in tin canisters, as the tannic acid which exist in both tea and coffee acts upon the metal, and the metal will, of course, react in turn upon the contents of the canister. It is much better and safer to put tins, except for biscuits, out of your

Store-Room

altogether, and use in their place porcelain, earthenware, or glass. The deep glass jars in which French plums are sold, with their overlapping screw covers, are very good indeed for tea, coffee, rice, fresh herbs, or any commodities of the same kind. You should occasionally just sprinkle the herbs with water, and they will keep fresh for days. I suppose you know that you should never keep a joint of

Fresh Meat

upon a dish in your larder. It should be hung up *by a noose*, not by a hook driven through any part of it; and if you keep your joint hung, as you ought to do, if possible, long enough to make it tender, you should examine it carefully once or twice a day; wipe off any moisture you find upon it, and dust it lightly with flour. It is almost useless to try and keep a joint hung in London in hot weather, the air is not pure enough, and this month and next there are too many flies about. If you ever buy a little

Sirloin of Beef

for your Sunday dinner, do not turn the thin flap under it, as some people are so fond of doing: it is not nice roasted, and it generally goes to loss. Cut it off, put it on a dish, sprinkle it with pepper and salt, and some whole allspice, then shred a couple of onions upon it, put a cover over it, and on Monday stew it with some carrots and turnips and a good brown gravy, and you will have a very nice and tasty dish. But, remember, I said *stew*: do not let it be boiled at a tremendous pace, or you will find it leather instead of beef.

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CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.
BRIGHTON.—[Letter II.]

BY A BRIGHTON RESIDENT.

THE deserted King's palace known as

The Royal Pavilion

has proved a boon and a blessing to Brighton. It cost at least a million of money, and it came into the hands of the people of Brighton for (comparatively) "a mere song." Brighton could not get on at all without its Pavilion and Dome—the Pavilion, in the splendid rooms of which

Close upon Seventy Balls,

public and private, and many other fashionable and important functions were held during the four months of the 1888-9 season; and the Dome,

BRIGHTON PAVILION.

From a Photograph by Carl Norman, Tunbridge Wells.

in which Mr. Kuhe gives, season after season, as high-class concerts as can be attended even in London. Few persons visit Brighton without looking in at the Pavilion, for its rooms are still wonderfully beautiful and interesting, and merely a nominal charge is made for permission to view them. But if everyone admires the interior of the Pavilion it is not easy to come across even a resident of the town who is prepared to say that he admires the "architecture" of the building. Yet there are times when, seen in a proper light and from a proper distance, the Pavilion looks extremely picturesque; and there are few Royal palaces which lend themselves more effectually to the illuminator's and the decorator's art. On the occasion of the

Shah's Recent Visit

to Brighton its exterior was outlined with fairy lamps, and the effect of this blaze of light—these apparently burning cupolas and domes and minarets rising against the black darkness of the sky—was very remarkable and very lovely. There is, however, not a great deal to get enthusiastic about in the exterior of the Pavilion when it is looked at in a cold, grey, sunless light; though, fortunately, such a light does not often disfigure

Sunny Brighton.

A kind of tradition, to the effect that it is the right thing to abuse the Pavilion, seems to have grown up; and at any rate the thing is often done. Not that Brightonians care in the least! They merely smile at these many *jeux d'esprit* which have been and are being spoken and written to their

Beloved Pavilion's

shame—or, rather, supposed shame—and they say to detractors, "Well, go inside, and give your verdict *then*." For it is a fact that nearly all the historic abuse of the Pavilion (that is to say, the sayings of great authors, which will live in their writings) was written by men who had never been inside it. The abuse began early. Even before the building was finished (it was thought, indeed, to be "finished" a good many times) a brilliant wit of those days took it upon himself to denounce it as being "like a madhouse or a house run mad; yet to acquire this design a miserable bricklayer was dispatched to Italy to gather something equal to the required magnificence, and actually charged 4000 guineas for his expenses."

Cobbett

was of opinion that "a good idea of the building may be formed by placing the pointed half of a large turnip upon the middle of a board, with four smaller ones at the corners"; and every-one has heard of

Sydney Smith's

irreverent description of the place, "as if the dome of St. Paul's had come down to Brighton and pupped." "Set fire to the Chinese stables," wrote Sir Walter Scott to his friend Mowitt, who was then residing at Brighton, "and if it embrace the whole Pavilion it will rid me of a great eyesore." And

Byron Says

indignantly in "Don Juan":—

> Shut up—no, not the King, but the Pavilion,
> Or else it will cost us all another million.

I have before me a mass of figures about the dimensions of the Pavilion and the Dome; but I hardly think the space I am allowed would be interestingly occupied by such details. Let the statement that the Pavilion occupies, with its gardens, about twelve acres, and that it is built in

The Moorish Style

of architecture, suffice; though it may further be pointed out that its "style" is not by good judges deemed to be "pure." It was built by the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) as his marine residence. The Prince Regent's first visit to Brighton was on one Sunday in 1783. He came, it was announced, to pay a visit to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden, who was then resident in the town. But it is scarcely open to doubt that he really came to see the

Beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert,

who was then staying in the town. In July of the following year (1784) he paid a second visit to Brighton, ostensibly to "re-establish" his health by sea-bathing; but Mrs. Fitzherbert was at this time again at the seaside: and, in truth, the Prince must have had the constitution of a horse, to have so triumphantly gone through the very severe and trying ordeal of "fast" living to which he subjected himself in Brighton. There was, of course, no Pavilion at this time; the Prince lived in a house (taken for him by his cook, the redoubtable Weltjie—known in Brighton as "Welsher") which was situated where the saloon of the Pavilion (sacred to many a mazy waltz in these days!) now stands. Let it be remembered that the

Prince Regent's Time

was very different from the time of Victoria. Among the minor seaside excesses of his Royal Highness and his companions were cock-fighting, bull-baiting, prize-fighting, turkey and geese races (in which his Royal Highness himself figured with distinction and success as the driver of the turkeys), shooting doves in the Steine with single balls (a charming pastime, in which he had the reputation of being an adept), "removing" the tops of chimneys of neighbouring houses (and thereby putting the Hon. Mr. Windham into a fearful paddy), and witnessing foot-races in the Steine between the gentlemen of his suite and the tinkers, tailors, and candlestick-makers of Brighton.

His boon companions were the Duc de Chartres, whose life, according to Carlyle, reached the "transcendentalism of debauchery"; Sir John Lade, who was very dear to the Prince's heart, and who ended his days—not unbecomingly—as coachman and groom to Lord Anglesey; the fair Lady Lade, whose strong point was a wide and remarkable (not to say alarming) knowledge of the vulgar tongue; the gallant Major Hanger, who, according to the Regent's father, deserved hanging twenty times over, and who, during the last days of his life, prepared himself for heaven by haunting a low tavern; Lord Barrymore and his two brothers, known severally as "Hellgate" (he was near that way), "Cripplegate" (he was a cripple), and "Newgate" (he ought to have been kept there permanently). Then there was the nice sister of this nice trinity, a lady celebrated as "Billingsgate," from the fact that her style of conversation was more forcible than polite, and occasionally very forcible indeed. There were other heroes around the Prince; but these were the most heroic; and in their society he "re-established" his health at the seaside. When he grew weary of this

High Level of Social Refinement

he went off to his kitchen in the Pavilion (even now called "the kitchen," and often used as such) and dined with his servents—an act of gracious condescension which, no doubt, afforded the ladies of the scullery extreme delight. Perhaps the greatest fun he ever had was to make the old Duke of Norfolk dead drunk, and then pitch him into a carriage and drive him round and round the Pavilion, the muddled old reprobate fancying all the while he was going home to Arundel. But Lord Barrymore and his brothers invented a screaming farce which must have given the Prince huge merriment. This was as follows: They got a coffin, and put into it something resembling a corpse, dressed in a shroud, and looking very ghastly. On dark nights they carried this about, and, placing it in a commanding position before the doors of respectable houses, pulled the bell and decamped. Of course, when a girl (or even a nervous footman) came to the door there was a scream, and probably a deadly faint, and the people of the house, rushing along to see what had happened, were also pretty well terrified out of their wits. This

Lord Barrymore

was a great "bruiser," and now and then he was called upon to stand his ground before the fathers and brothers of girls whose lives had not been made happier by his acquaintance. It may not be generally known that the Prince Regent was gifted with the faculty of invention. Certainly his gift was put to rather curious uses. His bed-room in the Pavilion was designed by himself. It was (and is) divided into three compartments, the centre enclosing, by sliding partitions, the bed, which was ingeniously and picturesquely fitted up; around this were large reflecting glasses, which enabled the

"First Gentleman in Europe"

to see all that was going on among the promenaders in the Steine even while he reclined on his virtuous couch. From other windows of the Pavilion he could get grand views of the Channel and of that portion of the beach which has since, at enormous Corporate and private cost, been so transformed that it is now generally acknowledged to be the finest marine drive in Europe—namely,

The King's-road

(so called in honour of the Regent). The King's-road is only a part of the front; but it has been so often talked about and written about that one repeatedly meets visitors to the town who are under the impression that all the four and a half miles of carriage-drive and wide and splendid esplanade from Aldrington in the west (whither the fashionable folk are drifting) to Sussex-square in the east form the King's-road, and only the King's-road. But the King's-road, if comparatively small, and not perhaps, architecturally, the most stately portion of the front, is assuredly the gayest and most brilliant at almost all seasons of the year; and it contains all the best hotels—the Grand, the aristocratic Bedford and Norfolk, the famous and immensely popular and hospitable Old Ship, the new and huge Hôtel Métropole, and several others—and all the best clubs and best lodging-houses and best shops. Justice cannot, however, be done to this magnificent marine promenade in a few lines at the end of an article. So more anon!

(*To be continued.*)

A BRIGHTON JEU D'ESPRIT.

OUR POST OFFICE.

WE have always been proud of the intelligence of our Post Office, and it is usually said that the most illegible or the most inadequate address is quite sufficient to secure delivery—in time. But judging by Mr. Ruskin's experience, this is not so. A letter was addressed "The Learned Mr. Ruskin, the Famous Author, England," by a half-witted youth of Leith. Not at Edinburgh, nor even at Kendal, near where the great writer lives, was the name of Mr. Ruskin known, and it was many days in reaching its destination. We thought everyone knew something of Mr. Ruskin's beautifully situated residence at Coniston, Ambleside! The Post Office was almost equally at fault with another and a much inferior writer to Mr. Ruskin. A letter addressed to Mr. Rider Haggard, the quite too popular author of "—," at "Dagenton Hall, Norfolk," was returned to the sender with the remark "No such Hall in Norfolk." But every Norfolkian ought to know that Mr. Rider Haggard is the Squire of Ditchingham Hall.

THE PROMPTER.

A Young Man, said to be a reporter, was on the 9th given into custody, and conveyed to Commercial-street Police-station, on a charge of being the Whitechapel murderer. A woman declared that she had watched the accused for some days, and that he pressed her to go with him into Miller's-court, where Mary Kelley met her death. The story, however, proved to be a pure invention. The young man was molested by the woman, who threatened that if he did not give her money she would swear that he was "Jack the Ripper." Such threats are not uncommon in the district, and, it is said, are often successful. The young man was released after a brief detention. He had been arrested twice before in a similar way. At least one enterprising evening paper is paying a man to loaf about Whitechapel in case any excitement should be in the wind, in order that it may be first in the field. If such arrests as these are the outcome, even enterprising journalists will be inclined to pull up.

BRIGHTON BEACH, LOOKING TOWARDS THE WEST PIER.

From a Photograph by Messrs. A. and G. Taylor, 34, King's-road, Brighton.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter IV.]

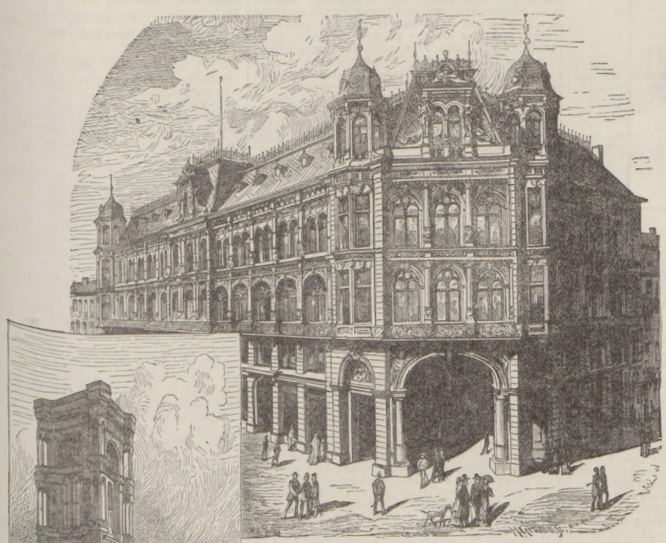
(From our Special Correspondent.)

Count Von Moltke,

the nonagenarian—for he was born on Oct. 26, 1800—the venerable Field-Marshal and greatest strategist of this age, who has seen many battles, and won the greatest victories for the German army, is perhaps the most popular man in Berlin. "Father Moltke," as he is called, is not only respected but beloved by high and low. Of course, his great achievements stand for much; but what really ingratiated him with the people is his modesty of demeanour, so unassuming and unpretending—as real greatness of this great metropolis. Combined with its museum of arms and trophies is the so-called Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Glory). Its architecture is simply superb. It is a regular square block, each of the four frontages measuring ninety mètres in length.

Old Berlin

could not boast of much fine architecture. Its houses were anything but imposing, and they were built of bad material. See, for instances, the old churches, which are totally wanting in beauty of style. But with Frederick II. began a new era in buildings, and successive Sovereigns followed in the wake of that Monarch in beautifying the city by seeing that all public buildings offered a splendid outward appearance, were spacious and commodious inside, and well lighted and ventilated throughout. In this latter point less success would have been attained if the Gothic style, with its narrow cloistered corridors and small windows, had been resorted to—your London Law Courts to wit. But Old Berlin is fast disappearing. There is very little of it left: a few of the old houses may be seen around the Molkenmarkt and the church of St. Nicholas, which is one of the remaining oldest places of public worship. Now, all the public buildings are fine monuments, and private houses are no less beautiful. There is



THE "PASSAGE" CONNECTING THE FREDERICK STRASSE WITH UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

THE NEW TOWNHALL OF BERLIN, FRONT TOWARDS KÖNIGSTRASSE.

The Townhall,

in the Königstrasse, with its immense tower, the construction of which took ten years (1860-70), an exquisite building of red brick. It has eight large halls, and in the basement a fine large restaurant, or wine-rooms, which are very much frequented by all who desire to refresh the inner man. Berlin is full of hotels, restaurants, beer and wine taverns, and

Pleasure Gardens.

A list of them would fill many letters. But life there is totally different from what you are wont to see in the British metropolis. In summer time especially there are many dining places, where you can have your repast in the fresh air, i.e. in the gardens. From one to five o'clock you see these places and also other dining-rooms crowded with customers of one type—namely, business men and such like; from five to seven you will find them, and the better-class restaurants, like Hiller, Café Imperial, Unter den Linden, filled by officers, civic and Government officials, and the *menu* is then more recherché. But you should see the cafés and restaurants with garden accommodation

On a Summer's Eve—

table after table, with families having their supper in the open air, listening to the strains of music of a band. Of course there are thousands of indoor places likewise, which are no less crowded, and the amount of beer that is consumed is enormous. The dryness of this year's summer, the almost unbearable heat, which has made the trees of Berlin leafless already, may have contributed much to the thirst, but anyhow the consumption of malt liquor is enormous. No wonder that

Breweries

are increasing. With the four new ones established this year, there are now altogether sixty-nine of these institutions. The production last year was 65,000,000 gallons. But even this does not suffice to quench the

Thirst of the Berliners,

the imports of foreign beers amounting to no less than six million gallons, principally Bavarian and, in reality, Munich beers, of which the so-called Pschorr is the most favourite. This beer I once drank in London, in the little German beer-shop—"Gambrinus"—in Glasshouse-street, close to the Café Royal. Löwenbräu is another Munich beer of great renown in Berlin, especially, however, in better households, where you are sure to find it. It would appear from statistics that the amount of beer brewed in Berlin itself could almost suffice for its consumption, because 5,375,000 gallons of that beverage are being annually exported.

Berlin Consumes per Head

182 quarts of beer per annum, showing an increase of twenty-three quarts per head since 1883; and, in round numbers, the annual value of the beer produced here represents the respectable figure of £1,900,000. Weissbier, a purely Berlin production, called a Kühle Blonde (a cool Blondine), is a beverage to which you must get used, but the Berliners are awfully fond of it. It is served in enormous glasses on account of the froth. Such a glass would hold about two quarts if brim-full. It passes, like the loving-cup at the Lord Mayor's banquets, from mouth to mouth of the family party. Beer-houses have latterly—that is, within recent years—obtained a great and charming addition.

The Ladies

of the better classes have taken to accompany their husbands to those places, and the beer-taverns have been transformed into a kind of palaces to suit the taste of the fair visitors. An interesting sight, however, is the interior of the confectionery shops—of course the favourite ones—in the Jägerstrasse, Schlossplatz, Unter den Linden, and elsewhere. Notably is this the case in the forenoon and afternoon. The Berlin ladies are fond of sweets, and crowd these establishments. But the Berlin ladies are not famous for great beauty.

I spoke of the difference between buildings of the present date and those of former times. The Sketch herewith of a

House in Unter den Linden,

the passage through which is lined by beautiful shops, gives you a fair specimen of the present style of private edifices. Very few are the villa-residences in the immediate vicinity of Berlin, for all the houses in those suburbs have been pulled down and replaced by large houses consisting of flats. But coming from the Brandenburg Gate some very fine palatial villas may be descried flanking the left-hand side of the Thiergarten—the

Hyde Park of Berlin,

but not so extensive.

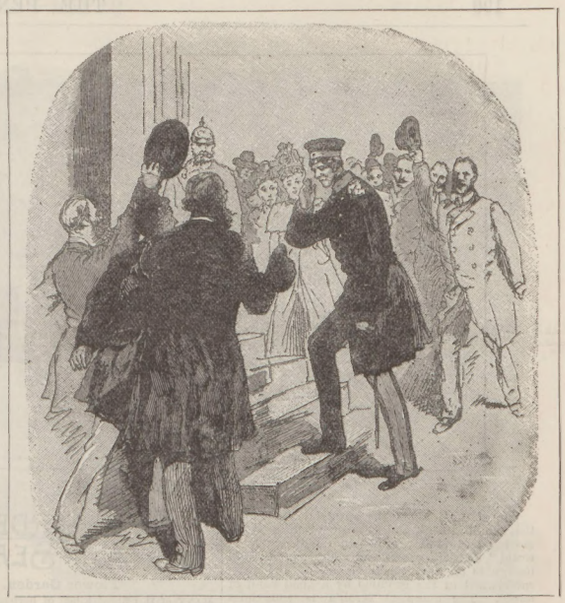
Having introduced you to the National Gallery and

The Berlin Museum,

the latter having in front the excellent equestrian statue of Frederick William III. (see Illustration), I may safely leave you there to contemplate their interior, with their marvellous contents, while I repair to the

Kroll's Garten,

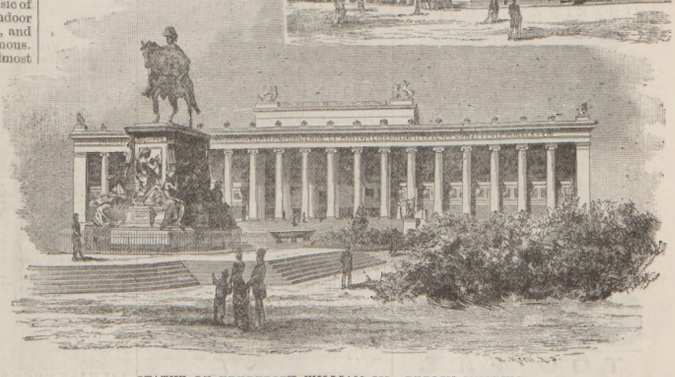
of world-wide fame, close to the Thiergarten, listen to the opera, have afterwards my supper



COUNT VON MOLTKE ENTERING THE BERLIN REICHSTAG.

BERLIN NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE ARSENAL, BERLIN.

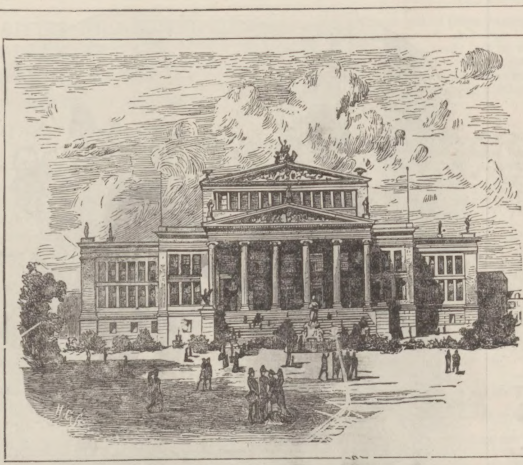


STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III., BERLIN MUSEUM.

The Arsenal

(Zeughaus), close to the Castle Bridge, which was mentioned in one of my former letters. It is one of the magnificent monumental edifices

Talking of Moltke reminds me of



BERLIN PLAYHOUSE.

one of the tents of the beautiful gardens of that establishment, and follow with interest the moving and motley crowd of dandies, "half-world" damsels, pater- and materfamilias, and foreigners on a visit here, being all the while entertained in the grounds by a good band of music. The opera at Kroll's is sometimes Italian; it is very good. Recently we had Mesdames Etelka Gerster, Grossi, the celebrated tenor Herr Bötel, and we are expecting very shortly Signor F. D'Andrade, of Covent-garden fame.

(*To be continued.*)

COLLIERY DISASTER.

A serious colliery disaster occurred on Monday at Lady Margaret Colliery, Treherbert, Rhondda Valley, the property of Lord Bute. An immense fall occurred in the heading; large quantities of gas were liberated, and an explosion followed. The men working close by were hurled about, and two others employed farther in the workings were badly burned. The rest of the workmen, nearly 300, left the pit panic-stricken, some leaving part of their clothing behind them.

The Great Fire at Sachsenberg, in Cassel, has destroyed one-half of the town. One hundred buildings, chiefly inhabited by poor families, have been burned to the ground, and the greatest distress prevails. The losses are enormous, scarcely anything being covered by insurance.

A Good Swim in the Thames.—Disciples of Beckwith and the late Captain Webb will be interested in the remarkable performance of Mr. Easton, who, on Aug. 9, swam from London Bridge to Purfleet in five hours seven minutes, thus leaving in the rear the records of Webb and Professor E. J. Reddish. On board the Cornwall training-ship he was received with a salvo of cheers by the 230 lads and their officers.

Worms in Children—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using Keating's Worm Tablets. Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.—[Advt.]

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GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

Many of the finest kinds of herbaceous plants are just now in very great beauty, and, if well grown and tastefully grouped, cannot fail to win a large share of admiration. Among them the many and beautiful varieties of

Phlox

(herbaceous) are pre-eminently worthy of remark. The word "phlox" means flame, but the herbaceous kinds, at any rate, are not so remarkable for brilliancy of colour as for a certain soft richness of hue. The term "bright" would, perhaps, be more properly applicable to the annual P. Drummondi, in which the colours are much more intense, though the individual blossoms are not so large nor the trusses so big and fine. A group of a very fine variety, with pure white flowers and a deep pink centre, or "eye,"

In a Cottage Garden

which I pass almost daily wins an involuntary tribute of admiration from me each time I see it. The numerous varieties, which range in colour from the purest snow-white down to the richest crimson, are chiefly descended from two species—viz., P. paniculata and P. decussata. The herbaceous kinds are divided into two sections, early and late flowering. All these are quite hardy, and are easily propagated by means of cuttings of the young shoots from the base of the plants, which may be struck in either the autumn or spring. Phlox Drummondi is raised from seeds, which should be sown either under glass in March, and transplanted, or where they are to flower, towards the end of April.

Another grand hardy plant that is just now coming into bloom is

Anemone Japonica,

one of the finest of all this large and beautiful family. There are three varieties of this most excellent plant, the original species or type having flowers of a soft rich crimson colour, whose only fault is a kind of ragged appearance caused by the rough edges of the petals. This was discovered by Fortune near Niaho, in Japan. The form called *hybrida* has large and handsome flowers of a soft pink, but does not bloom so freely as the other two. The third is the well-known white variety sometimes called A. Honorine Jobert: the creamy white flowers of this kind are produced in wonderful profusion from the early part of August until cut off by frost, and are greatly in request for floral decoration of all kinds. These lovely plants should find an honoured place in every garden; they grow capitally

In Town Gardens

if the soil is deep and rich. Good

Flowers for Cutting

are always in demand, and just now very abundant. The fashion of having one or more vases of nicely arranged flowers on the table is a very graceful one, and seems to be greatly on the increase. Besides roses, mignonette, and sweet-peas (which everyone grows, or should do), some of the best kinds for cutting just now are the pretty cornflowers, blue, purple, white, and rose coloured; marguerites, white and yellow; annual chrysanthemums; stocks; phloxes, of both the herbaceous and Drummondi classes; verbenas, fuchsias, begonias, asters, gaillardias, coreopsis, Achillea ptarmica (double sneezewort), and dahlias. Of these last the "cactus" or decorative kinds are universally admired, and are much more suitable for cutting than the show flowers. Finish budding

Roses

as soon as possible now. Buds may be successfully inserted during August, but they will do better, as a rule, if they can remain dormant until the spring, so that the shoots upon which they are placed should not be cut back. This should, however, be done in the case of buds inserted last month, and all shoots from the stock must be removed as well. As soon as they are seen to have "taken," the ties placed to secure the buds must be loosened. Roses

On Their Own Roots

will probably be much more generally grown for the future, at any rate in the case of the more vigorous kinds, so that there will not be much budding to be done, but weak-growing varieties must always be worked on some more robust stock.

Vegetable Garden.

Winter greens of all kinds that were planted last month are growing fast now, aided by the frequent showers. Keep the ground among them clean, but do not disturb it more than is actually necessary: there is nothing like firm ground for winter crops of these. As the various plots are cleared of early peas, potatoes, &c., they should be replanted with hardy kinds of cabbage (the seeds of which were sown last month), savoys, and broccoli, which may still be planted with success. Coleworts are very useful, and may be planted almost anywhere at about a foot apart, and pulled for use when about half grown. If not already done, plenty of seed of cabbages of such kinds as the Early York, Atkins's Matchless, and Carter's Heartwell should be sown at once; these will be planted out next month and in October, and will constitute the main spring and early summer supply.

Onions should also be sown now in beds of well-prepared and firm soil. The best kinds for the autumn sowing are the Giant Rocca of Naples, and the White Tripoli, with a small quanity of the Queen for early use. The seedlings will have to be transplanted next February, and in good ground will attain a very large size. Autumn-sown onions never suffer from the destructive "maggot," as those sown in the spring too frequently do.

Tomatoes

are ripening fast under glass, but in the open they do not come along as one could wish. Keep the main stems firmly but loosely tied to the stakes or wires provided for them, and remove all laterals or side shoots constantly. Plants in full bearing must have plenty of water at the roots, with liquid manure at every alternate application. I am giving mine diluted liquid from the stable, soot-water, sulphate of ammonia, and nitrate of soda alternately, and it seems to suit them admirably. Everyone eats tomatoes now, while a few years ago they were hardly known. They are, when the taste is once acquired, not only delicious and refreshing, but eminently wholesome as well.

Leeks

deserve far more attention than they receive, out of the Principality. I do not know anything more delicious than a dish of well-grown and nicely cooked (boiled) leeks. A first batch or two of the plants should have been set out in June, or early last month, and be growing rapidly by this time; the best leeks are grown in trenches like celery, but scarcely so deep. Like the last they must be liberally watered and well nourished to do them full justice. Later plants should be set out from the seed-beds, either in shallow trenches or on a piece of deeply dug and heavily manured ground.

Fruit Garden.

Some years ago there was a perfect craze throughout the country for

Enormous Gooseberries,

and the fashion seems to be coming in again. Those who want big berries should grow Shiner and Stockwell (green), Antagonist and Careless (white), London and Dan's Mistake (red), and Catherina and Garibaldi (yellow). All these have been grown to a weight of over thirty pennyweights; but as regards flavour they are nowhere, and of little use except to look at.

B. C. R.

MRS. BANCROFT AS A CHILD-ACTRESS.

The high position reached by Mrs. Bancroft—charming alike as an actress and a woman—and her refinement of style both upon the stage and in society causes one to read with astonishment her pathetic statements respecting her child-life upon the stage in her recently published volume, "On and Off the Stage." Dipping into this volume I was surprised to read, "I wish I could recall a happy childhood; but, alas! I can remember only work and responsibilities from a very tender age. No games, no romps, no toys—nothing which makes a child's life joyous. I was trudging by my father's side in all weathers to the theatre, where I had to play somebody else's child or to recite one of the character sketches my father had written for me. I was roused many a time from sound sleep to go upon the stage." These are but a few extracts; but they serve to show that the question of children upon the stage has, after all, two sides, because few tiny performers could hope to become as brilliant and fortunate as Mrs. Bancroft in after-life.

AN OPERATIC TITLE.

A friend studying at the Leipsic Conservatoire tells me the difficulty the German Opera Company at Prague has had to find a title for Sir Arthur Sullivan's Savoy opera "The Yeomen of the Guard," which the Company intends to produce this autumn at Prague. The manager was puzzled with the word "Yeomen," which is derived from a German word signifying "common" or "commoner"; but this did not lend itself to the purpose of a title. The manager, having some knowledge of our language, consulted an English dictionary; but the explanation of "Yeoman" found there still harassed the Teutonic mind. Eventually it was decided to name Sir Arthur Sullivan's opera "Kapitan Wilson," and as "Kapitan Wilson" it appears in the German Opera Company's announcement of the forthcoming season at Prague.

A Portrait Model of Mrs. Maybrick has been added to Madame Tussaud and Sons' Exhibition, Marylebone-road.

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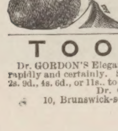
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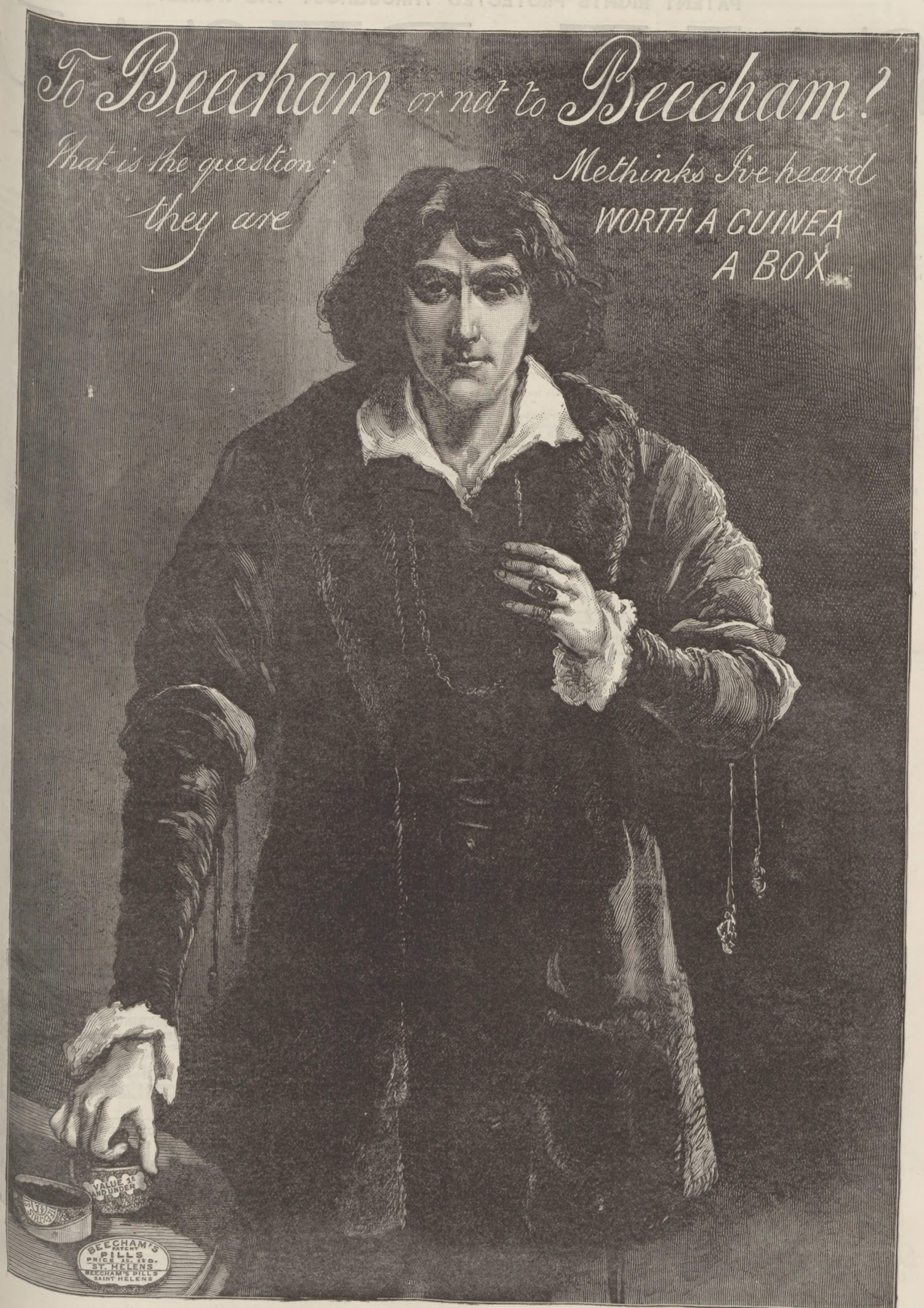

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Lawns, Laces, Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, Towels, etc., keep a good colour if regularly washed with HUDSON'S SOAP. Hudson's leaves no smell. Excellent for washing Flannels and Woollen Underclothing.

KITCHEN.

Everything should be systematically cleansed & sweetened with Hudson's Soap. It removes Grease from Stove Tops, Cooking Ranges, Kitcheners, Hot Plates, etc. Copper and Enamelled Pans are not likely to burn if scoured with Hudson's Soap.

NURSERY.

The Nursery Floor should be regularly scoured with Hudson's Soap. It will dry quickly and the room will be sweetened and purified. Also Baths, Feeding Bottles, and all Nursery Utensils.

SPARKLING GLASS.

Bright China. Hudson's Soap saves the drudgery of "Washing-up." Removes Grease from Glass, China, Dinner-ware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc., with less liability to breakage.
Leaves no Smell.

SCOURING.

Ease, Speed, Pleasure and Economy with Hudson's Soap—very little Scrubbing and no Drudgery. Stone Steps, Balconies and Window-sills will always look nice if washed down with Hudson's Soap.
Hudson's removes all obstinate Dirt.
Greasy marks and stains disappear like magic.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY IN EVERY Well-governed HOME

USE **HUDSON'S** SOAP

A Pure Dry Soap in Fine Powder, in 1-lb., ½-lb. & ¼-lb. Packets. Softens all Waters—makes a Foaming Lather—Leaves No Smell.